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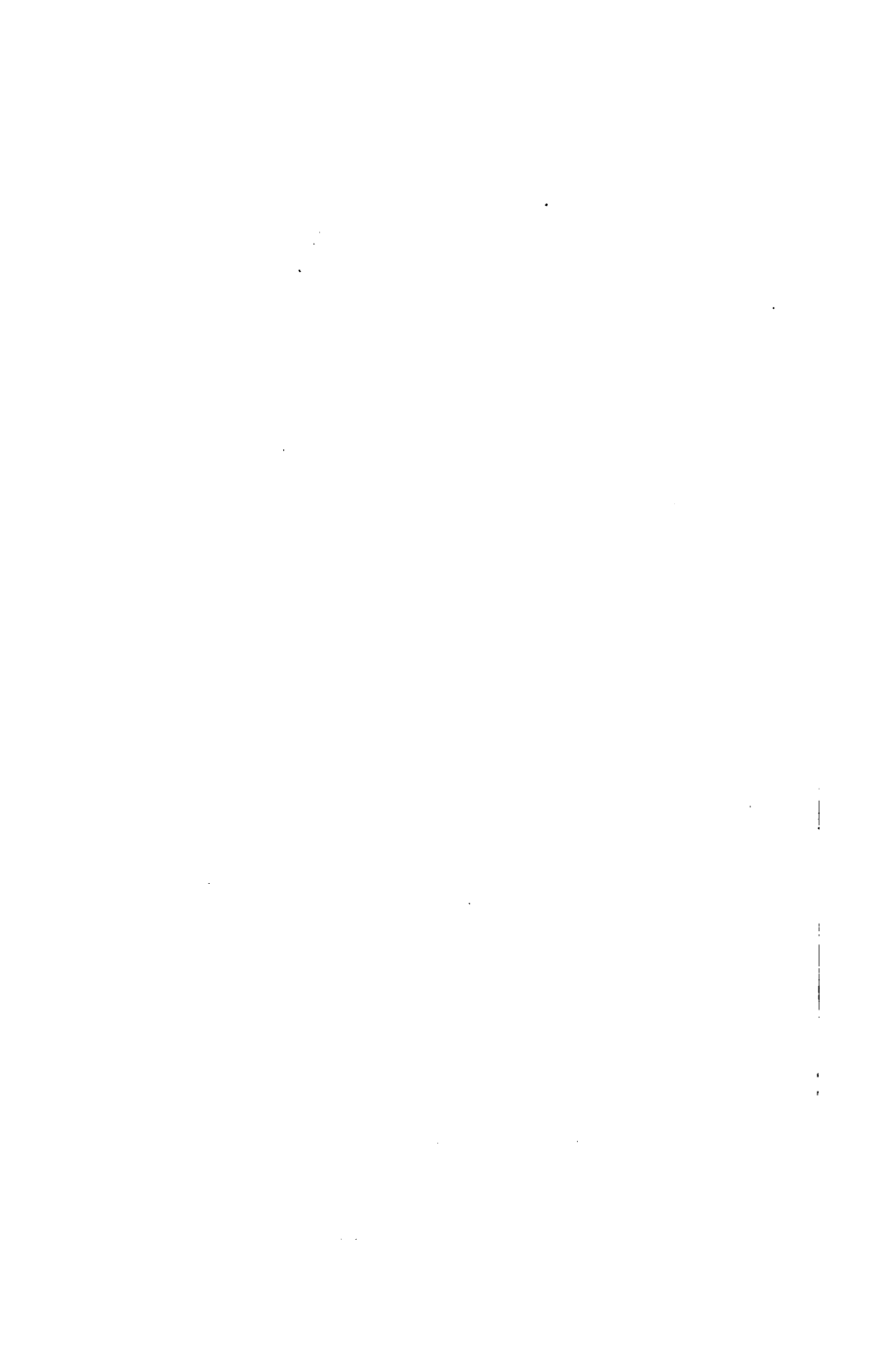
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A DEFENCE OF IGNORANCE.



A

DEFENCE OF IGNORANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HOW TO MAKE HOME UNHEALTHY."

"Many who will not stand a direct Reproof, and cannot abide to be plainly admonished of their Fault, will yet endure to be pleasantly rubb'd, and will patiently bear a jocund Wipe."—BARROW'S *Sermons against Evil Speaking*.



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A DEFENCE OF IGNORANCE.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE, which appointed itself to inquire into THE STATE OF EDUCATION in this country, and into any measures which may be required for THE DEFENCE OF IGNORANCE, have talked over the matters to them referred, and have agreed to the following resolution :—

Resolved. That it is the opinion of this Committee,
That the Report of their proceedings may be
now read and approved.

The Report follows.

The Committee dined. The ladies having withdrawn, the Chairman said :—This meeting, gentlemen, is of a social nature, and to be considered strictly private. Before we commence, therefore, let us instruct our secretary concerning fictitious names to be affixed to any speeches that he may report.—A Member begged leave to suggest that the secretary

might be empowered to disguise, in his own way, the names of speakers ; at the same time, he thought that THE OWL, a bird of Night and Wisdom, could be made godfather to all the company. The honourable secretary himself, who, as this committee's voice, would presently intrude upon the public ear, he begged permission to call SCREECH. Agreed.—The chairman, ULULA, then pouring out a glass of wine, requested silence, and began—

The Opening Address.

GENTLEMEN,—Bré meant a “mountain” in old Cornish. The Phœnicians, who got some of their tin from Cornwall, distinguished it as “Bre tin,” from the same metal obtained elsewhere. Tin is a word that runs through many languages with trifling change ; here tin, there zinn, and somewhere else étain. And so this country became known to the Phœnicians, and also through them to others, as the land of Bre tin—Britain. This interpretation is a wholesome one, which nourishes and very much plumps out a modern use of the word Tin. An affectionate and thoughtful people finds in its first article of commerce a familiar name for money. The Japanese do something of this kind. Their savage forefathers subsisted on a shellfish called Awabi, so in their wealth they now serve up Awabi in their feasts, and add Awabi to their gifts. It is their salt water forget-me-not. We get our sentiment from flowers, they get theirs from fish.

You, if you please, may say molluscs ; I won't. I broke a tooth yesterday in talking botany, and must avoid zoology to-day. Our gold and silver, we rich folk might symbolise by rose and lily, but we don't. We think of our poor ancestors and call the money Tin.

Bretin or Britain, then, is a Tin Mountain, or Mass of Tin or Heap of Money. We have collared Etymology and got a fact. This country is prosperous down to the very roots.

The chairman pausing, it was understood that he desired applause. The members of the committee helped themselves to figs and filberts, and, when silence was restored, our host resumed with animation :

We have wealth. What does a man mean by wealth ? He means weal with a *th*, I fancy, or if he does not mean it, he says it ; and why does he say it : I must take for granted it is what he means. Weal signifies that which is well. And *th* after such a word ? In Dr. Latham's grammar, those who read such trumpery are told that it "supplies the force of an abstract idea." Wealth then is the abstract idea of that which is well. You cannot now stand up and tell me that it means a gross material or muck. You may do so, for you are capable of anything. But your conscience takes inevitably down its throat, as out of a physis spoon, the conclusion that, in this country, all is well—all in ideal

perfection—although some of us are not contented to let well alone.

BUHO. Sir, you are merely firing peppercorns into the hostile body.

ULULA. They may cause it, sir, to scratch. I am now loading with a piece of china.

We have an intimate knowledge of the Chinese, from often meeting with them on our cups and saucers. They have no idea of us. At the beginning of our late glorious and high-minded war with China, the Centre of the Universe informed his soldiers that their great object should be to make the English tumble down. If it were only by beating gongs, or by frightening them, so that they caused them to fall down, that would suffice ; for if the English fell they could be taken. The clothes of English soldiers, said the Brother of the Sun, are made so tight that those who are in them when they tumble down are quite unable, by any struggling, to get up again. And so the Chinese thought to ship off Englishmen at leisure, like the turtles, after they had once been thrown upon their backs.

And yet these Chinese are an educated people.

CIVETTA. What a warning to us ! Since that war we have learned something about them. They make soup of slugs ; eat lizards, toads ; and if they had such things, I dare say, they would stew a five-barred gate ; the catalogue is small, of things that are *not* eaten by a Chinaman.

ULULA. Now these ridiculous Chinese are Educationists. Ridiculous, I call them; insignificant. Tell me that without China, Europe would not have been; that if the Chinese had not flung aside the Huns, the Huns would not have knocked against the Goths, the Goths would not have knocked down Rome, and so on; I say, Pooh! My wife's silk dress she would have bought at an Alarming Failure without Chinese intervention. As for tea, we were much better men when we had beer for breakfast. I laugh the Chinese to scorn, and I will not believe that they invented Punch. Pun-tse, the Son of an Inch, may beat his Chinese Judy. I believe that some Chinaman must have been in England about the time of the Saxon heptarchy, and have seen Punch performed. Or how do we know that the Phœnicians when importing tin from our shores did not import from the same place into Asia Punch's shows. Nay more, are we certain that a fossil Punch will not be discovered, in the Stonesfield slate, or in the London clay? At any rate the Chinese are ridiculous, and I will let you see down to the bed of their transparent folly.

They are mighty educators. To every joss house they attach a school. So far, it is well that their schools are connected with their churches. But the absurdity of the Chinese takes all pleasure and excitement out of this arrangement, because they have not sense enough to make their joss houses like Christian

churches, tents of warriors at bitter odds with one another. These Chinese day-schools are supported by the government, and by parents, according to their ability. There is one master to twenty or thirty boys, and there he sits, with spectacles not much smaller than saucers on his nose, a pipe in his mouth, a teapot at his fingers' ends, and a great noise in his ears. For nearly all the boys are learning their lessons aloud, each at his own little table; a mischievous young rascal is fingering his master's tail to the infinite disturbance of a dunce who is endeavouring to shriek his lesson down the master's ear. Boards are for slates, and brushes dipped in Indian ink serve for slate pencil. Writing is practised by aid of transparent paper, and a big cane lashes the master's table now and then, making the saucers jump and little Chinese hearts jump with them.

But the Chinese do worse than this. They have in each province a chancellor of learning, class all people in their educational degrees, and reserve posts of trust and honour and emolument, for whom? The well-born man? No, for the raw student! In a great hall of education, surrounded by groves and gardens, sit dominies at certain periods in each large town, to inquire into the proficiency of candidates for the first degree of *Sew Tsae* or "flowering talent." Not to have entered this class is to want respectability in Chinese eyes. They who have been admitted are exempt from being whipped, except

by order of the emperor or of his representatives. They who have thus redeemed their skins, may at a future time present themselves for a severer scrutiny, at a solemn triennial examination. They who in this have satisfied the strict examiners, become *Kew Jin*, "promoted men," and are entitled—to wear boots! A higher degree is offered every three years to those booted men who seek to win spurs at Peking. Poverty excludes none from coming to present themselves. The emperor pays the expenses of poor victims. They who pass this third examination become "introduced scholars," *Tsin Se*; and the three best at each examination are rewarded by the Brother of the Sun in his own person. For these there is finally reserved a short rope, if they seek a higher elevation. They who pass the examination of *Han Lin*, "ascended to the top of the tree," are all the servants of the emperor, and are in due time chosen to the highest offices of state. Education is the road to fame, and these are its four stages.

SCREECH. The only thing that saves the Chinese from extravagance of ridicule is the fact that they do tie up education within limits, making it depend upon a more or less accurate knowledge of certain time-honoured books. Just as in Oxford we read Aristotle, so they read also their classics.

ULULA. If the Chinese defined education in accordance with the crotchets of our English innovators,

as a trained spirit of enquiry, the Flowery Land would long ere this have run to seed. However, as it is, the Chinese certainly have gone quite far enough to make themselves fit objects for our ridicule. When we wish to become laughing-stocks we may begin to build from their designs.

CIVETTA. This cry for education is the neighing of a hobby-horse. What is there that a perverted enthusiasm will not hope to build? I could name a clever builder, now dead, who believed the Millenium to be at hand; he looked forward to the erection of the New Jerusalem, and studied Ezekiel professionally, made calculations, and completed all the plans which he intended to send in at once, when tenders were demanded for the rebuilding of the Temple. So certain Education-mongers have drawn up some schemes, but they will not be called for. We may look over your projections, gentlemen, your elevations and ground-plans, but your phantom schoolmasters we banish from this realm of fact: on snowy plains of paper let them wander up and down, the masters of their own Siberia.

SCREECH. As for awakening a spirit of enquiry, that I am quite sure is what no sensible man would desire: it is a thing always absurd. A spirit of enquiry means a pertinacity in putting foolish questions. There is none more foolish than the Education question. Our Royal Society wrote, once upon a time, to Sir Philiberto Vernatti, then residing in Batavia, to ask

whether it was true, that in Java there were oysters "of that vast bigness as to weigh 3 cwt." These were your learned men. People whose mouths are agape for oysters of that size must be prepared to swallow anything. Knowledge is hungry and greedy ; Ignorance fasts and is content.

CIVETTA. The tiresome greediness of Knowledge is portrayed awfully in men who are attacked by the schoolmaster while in a state of nature. This was the case with the natives of the Navigators Islands, where the missionaries rang their bell and summoned all the natives into school. The consequence was, Mr. Walpole tells us,—in his book, "Four Years in the Pacific,"—that Europeans walking in the woods were pounced upon at any unexpected time by savages, who brandished not clubs but slates about their heads, and shouted, "Do my sum ! " Frederic Walpole had his "walks made weariful with sums." "One fellow, with a noble head, used to bring him regular puzzlers." The victim, in revenge, set his tormentor some algebra to do, in the hope that this would keep him quiet ; but after a few days he came again, together with ten others, making a fierce hullabaloo ; they all brought slates, and came to get the problem solved :—"You do it."

ULULA. Can flesh and blood live to be told of absurdities and miseries like these bred out of foreign Education and not stir in the Defence of Ignorance at home ! With how deep contempt must

we regard those baby savages in the wild forests of the tropics, when we contemplate the men of our own towns and fields? Half of us, thank Heaven, cannot make figures; yet see how Great Britain has prospered. I wonder whether those savages feel our superiority; whether they know, that in the country out of which their teachers come, Eight Millions of the people cannot read and write.

This is a triumphant fact: here I may say stop, you tell me.

"Bastà così; t'intendo:
Già ti spiegasti a pieno;
E mi diresti meno,
Se mi dicessi più."

BUHO. Shame, sir! Order, sir! What jargon's that?

ULULA. 'Tis perfectly in order, Buho. You are fidgetty. The tongue they speak in Naples has a claim upon us. (*Hear, hear; with murmurs of Translate.*)

Good; you have said enough, you've explained yourself perfectly well now:

And you would tell me less, were you to say any more.—That's the translation, gentlemen. Buho, a glass of wine with you? Gentlemen, I have introduced the subject, and suggest that we discuss it now somewhat in detail. Let us take first, if you please,

Ignorance of the Middle Classes.

How does our account stand as regards that?

Gentlemen, you are perhaps aware that our friend on my right, whom I will be so bold as to call Aziola—

SCREECH. Our friend has views to state, I believe, of which he will suffer us to doubt the soundness.

AZIOLA. Mr. Chairman, you refer to me sarcastically. You hint, I suspect, at Shelley's line about the Aziola:—"Fear not, 'tis nothing but a little downy owl." "Fear not," indeed! I ridicule myself. I have no hope of ever seeing what I wish, and, being desperate, I join your party. So I take the name you give in all good humour.

SCREECH. Spoken manfully! But much I wish you had more cause for your despair. Ignorance does not seem to me to have a firm grasp of the Middle Class. As for Knowledge, there can be no doubt that men do learn more or less during the course of life, according to their leisure. It pains me to know that a degraded press, degraded but prolific, allures too many of my neighbours with her wanton smile. They who have leisure enough amass, in this way, a great deal of desultory knowledge; and regret that no shelves have been put up in their heads whereon they might arrange their stock. By picking daily at the fruit of the forbidden tree, many folks come to possess a store of apples in their garret. I am shocked at this: but if they will err, on their own mature heads be the sin.

AZIOLA. Few of them can say that, in their child-

hood, great pains were not taken to deter them from such robbery.

SCREECH. The children of the Middle Classes go to school.

AZIOLA. Their school is, generally speaking, part of our Defence. In the Middle Ages, when above Europe it was night, these men stood high, and used the utmost light procurable. As civilisation dawned, they sank ; they are like Pteropods, that have a wide sea for their home, and sport at mid-night on the surface, but sink lower in the water gradually, as the day advances, so that they preserve around themselves one exact shade of gloom.

The teacher who would cure me of despair, must love the sun and sunny faces. He must droop before a mournful child. Like Jean Paul Richter, when he sees a child with gloomy features, he must think of it as of a butterfly, with its wings plucked and obliged to crawl. He must not copy any plan of teaching out of books, although he may digest the thoughts of others ; for, can he not eat mutton without crying baa ?

BUHO. Out with your heart, man. Picture anything that's hopeless, for between ourselves, dear sir, it will be a quaint joke to paint in detail grapes, for the annoyance of some hungry bird.

AZIOLA. Of course, you teacher, you must understand the nature of a child. A fellow with a stick in his hand shouts out, " Why, so I do ! " Look away,

master, from the knuckles of that cringing, wincing boy ; look back into the past some centuries, and see the Master of us all with children in his arms, and at his feet, declaring that their angels see his Father's face in heaven. With that wail in your ears, and that cane in your hand, dare you look back so far, and say you reverence a child ? The teacher who is not allied to Ignorance, must love all children, heartily and unaffectedly ; must be a child, as well as man, himself. You see him in his school-room, where he treads on carpets or on matting, where the walls around him wear a cheerful paper, and neat tables and chairs await the childish students. The best room in his house—the room that lets in the most light and pleasure through the windows—is the room devoted to the occupation of his children.

They are young, and they know little ; but the teacher's mind is very full indeed if he has not felt the necessity of studying from day to day, to meet their daily various requirements. Here they come ; not a vast crowd of them, for though John Smith might undertake the care of fifty sheep, he cannot undertake in one day to supply the wants of fifty children all unlike each other. At the utmost, he can teach a score with a congenial assistant. They who confide in him know that, and, of course, will take care that his services are paid for properly, without a grudge.

But here they come ; with chatter, laughter, and

good-will, with not a particle of fear. The youngest is immediately crawling up the legs of his instructor ; Smith is converted into a Laocoon, struggling good-humouredly with serpent children. Pretty discipline ! Do you not scowl with me ? You will find worse behind, for school had not begun. Now it begins. No cane, no desk, no high stool !

ULULA. Without these, is instruction possible ? Here is the flesh of school, without the skeleton. It cannot stand.

AZIOLA. The teacher sits where children sit, or walks among them. Study begins ; perhaps the morning and the fresh attention are devoted to those studies which, though not least needful, are the least inviting, and more pleasant subjects come as the day flags. Conversation, open utterance, is not forbidden. How can a teacher pretend to form a child's mind when he forbids it to be spoken ? In a silence broken only by words learned out of a book, how is it possible that the chief object of education can be obtained at all ? So says John Smith, and the work goes on. The children fidget, shift their places, and are suffered freely so to do : it is the instinct of their childhood. They openly make boats and chip at wood, and play with paper, when their hands are not employed. Allegiance to childhood is not insubordination. So they work cheerfully, and know themselves at school to be free agents, doing a duty. At the end of every

hour's work, they scamper out to scream and play at leapfrog. Recalled, they scamper back as rapidly as if there were a cane for the last comer.

Morning has been spent in languages, arithmetic, or algebra, and exercises which demand labour of which the pleasant fruit is not immediately to be gathered. It has imposed upon the children mental toil. The afternoon is full of mental pleasure. The history of man's deeds and works and the wonders of nature engage childish hearts more powerfully. Not as detailed in skeleton books. A dinner of dry bones makes no man fat. The teacher predetermines that he will occupy perhaps three years in a full narration of the story of the world. He begins at the first dawn of history, studies for himself with patient diligence upon each topic the most correct and elaborate records (for which purpose he requires aid of a town library), and pours all out in one continued stream from day to day, enlivened by a child-like style. The children comment as the story runs; the teacher finds a hint sufficient at a time by way of moral, he is rather willing to be taught by the experience of what fresh hearts applaud or censure on the old worn stage of life. Natural history and science, all the -ologies, and -tics, and -nomies, succeed each other, also, as a three years' story of the wisdom which begot the world. Foreign countries, not dismissed in a few dozen of the driest existing sentences, are visited in company with

pleasant travellers. Clever, good-humoured books of travel, carry the imaginations of the children round the world. In all these latter studies they take lively interest, remembering, to a remarkable extent, what they hear. On every point they have spoken freely in the presence of a teacher not desirous to create dull copies of himself, but to permit each budding mind to throw out shoots and spread its roots according to its own inherent vigour. He manures and waters, watches to remove all parasitic growths, but the true, healthy mind, expands unchecked under his care.

SCREECH. But will the children satisfy the patience of John Smith ?

AZIOLA. Will the rose bear colours which he did not paint—the petal of the pink have notches that he did not cut ? If he be nervous, fidgetty, exacting, he will grumble at the children frequently. He will sometimes be fretted ; but when he is most himself he will perceive that he has nothing whereat he may justly fret. The children will regard him with affection and implicit trust. Their hearts have not been made ungentle ; therefore if they ever feel that they have vexed him, they themselves are penitent and vexed.

Less as a prize than as a good-will offering, each child has a half yearly gift, not won by an unwholesome rivalry, but containing a record in the first leaf of his half year's career. A childish offence during

school hours it is John Smith's plan to call "an Interruption," and to say that three such Interruptions are a half day lost, and six the losing of a whole day. In the first leaf of the half-yearly prize Smith writes the number of days lost by inattention. Discipline needs no more machinery than this. If Smith were perfect, even this would not be necessary.

You are aware that I am not sketching the one model after which I would have enemies of Ignorance to shape their schools. The proper spirit being established, each teacher will put it in the form most suited to his character. But I set up an imaginary case, in order that I may, by connecting together some peculiarities consistent with each other, give you a notion of the grapes you talked about. Nobody but John Smith is capable of managing John Smith's school; but fifty other ways of management may be conceived, equally efficacious; all alike in feeling, in expression different.

I have not done with Smith's contrivances. Another is this. He parts his children evenly into two sides, calling them, we will say, the Greens and Blues, after the two factions of the Roman Circus. For these sides also conduct races. Smith does not catechise his children, they examine one another. This mutual examination * takes place not less than

* Southey tells us of a schoolmaster who in this way taught spelling. His is the idea.

twice a week. Each side has in turn to ask a question of its antagonist, on anything that has been at any time a subject of the teaching common to them all. Gain and loss is calculated upon some fixed scale, and in the game the children take an active interest. Those who can finger a pen readily, take notes during the oral teaching ; all ears are alive to what is uttered, and at home books of reference are ransacked with a diligence that would be toil were it not self-imposed. To avoid personality of opposition the two sides are occasionally shuffled.

SCREECH. Can children collect their thoughts sufficiently to ask questions that are not frivolous ?

AZIOLA. The experiment has been tried by a gentleman whose plan is not unlike John Smith's, and who was persuaded to adopt Smith's crotchet of the Blues and Greens. He was so much surprised by the result that he determined to preserve a list of questions, writing down each of them in a book as it was asked. That book I borrowed and intend to keep. It contains questions asked by children between nine and fourteen years of age. Many refer, I understand, to information given them a year before they asked their neighbours for its reproduction. The book clears children of a misunderstanding under which it is to your interest that they should labour.

BUHO. Lock it up, as an immoral production.

AZIOLA. I will tell you, at random, six or seven

of the questions as a sample ; — only think of this :—

“ Why is it colder as you rise into the air, though you get nearer to the sun ? ”

“ Give the course of the chief ocean currents over the world, with your finger, on the map. ”

“ When you cut off a caterpillar’s head why can it go on eating ? ”

“ What caused the sound made by the statue of Memnon ? ”

“ Name the seven household officers at the Court of Constantine the Great. ”

“ Explain the derivation of the words clergy and laity. ”

“ Describe and account for the circulation of the sap. ”

ULULA. I trust, for the honour of Old England, that there are many schoolmasters who would decline to answer questions like these. When I say schoolmasters, I mean Preceptors, for there is a college of Preceptors now.

SCREECH. Commended to all men by its polite name. Vulgar is the vocation of a Teacher, but “ your son’s Preceptor ” is a gentleman. The Doctors, by-the-by, clamour for a new corporate body, I trust that they also will be genteel, and get their charter for a new “ College of Medical Advisers. ”

BUHO. It is high time that we talked a little sense. Enough of Smith.

AZIOLA. My grapes are but half painted.

CIVETTA. You need many tools to conjure with.

ULULA. And, like all conjurors, talk

“ Nonsense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic.”

It is agreeable enough to feel that the chance of education such as we have just now been discussing is extremely small in England.

CIVETTA. But after all, as we grow stronger in the feeling that these things can never be, it seems absurd to talk about them. What is a greater bore than hearing dreams told? When gnoos, sassaybies, and hartebeests, are to be found in Smithfield market, then we shall see those educators in our schools. Why do I specify gnoos, sassaybies, and hartebeests? Because there is a fact established concerning these creatures, which I think would turn out true of the educators also, that on opening the head, their brain is almost invariably found filled with large white maggots. Certainly the maggots of eccentric teachers have no colour in them.

AZIOLA. John Smith may be heard occasionally telling fairy stories to his children.

SCREECH. Well he may; for he is but an imp of Titania dropped by his mother in her hasty rush out of our premises; or he is codicil to Oberon's last will and testament, by accident shut up inside our ledger.

CIVETTA. Your fancies, John, are dead at present; you may like to say that they are torpid, but we call

them dead and buried under a heavy deposit of hard compact prejudice. Excavations may at some remote period take place, and your ideas may revive ; after the story of the cockles in America, there shall be hope even for you. This is the story of the cockles. Professor Eaton, of New York, related it in Silliman's Journal, and Mr. Sharon Turner augmented its respectability by quoting it in his Sacred History of the World. In digging the Erie Canal at Rome Village, sixteen miles from Utica, the workmen found, forty-two feet below the surface, under a diluvial deposit of hard compact gravel, hundreds of cockles, all alive. The workmen fried and ate these creatures, which must have existed in the days of Noah. In the days of Noah, you perceive. John, when your fancies have been buried for as long a time, they also may be dug up, and, by men who are to live four thousand years hereafter, it is possible that they may all be swallowed.

AZIOLA. Another of John's fancies,—we might say his fundamental fancy—is to impress his children with an unlimited regard for Truth. He says that without Truth and Sincerity among each other and towards their teacher, his system cannot be fairly worked. Accordingly each of his pupils upon entering his school, has by some visible form the fact impressed upon him, that he will always be trusted, and that, however, all his other faults may be dealt gently with, falsehood will be regarded as a crime.

John says he will refuse to teach a pupil who shall be found to offend more than once or twice in this particular. If it were possible that children should forget the candour which is natural to them for the sake of treading upon ground which they see to be regarded with so much dread and abhorrence, John Smith would keep his word. But the occasion never will be given.

BUHO. Very well ; now I begin to be a little in a rage at hearing so much nonsense.

AZIOLA. You may have no need to storm, for I will throw John overboard : he is your Jonah.

The spell, however, I must finish telling you. I tell you that to burst the bolts of Ignorance and give free movement to the education of the middle classes, teachers must be found not scattered but in swarms, quite different from those which swarm at present. They must not look upon the child's mind as a thing to be impregnated with Latin verbs, and trained into a deep disgust at Cicero, and sickening horror at Herodotus. It is a spirit to be trained to thoughtfulness, and to be furnished with materials of thought (herein the use of history consists) ; it should receive such views of the great world of knowledge as may make the young mind long to become one day an active traveller therein ; and to be ready for the day of travel it should acquire activity and strength, with a fair notion of the routes that lie around us. The teacher who shall send a child into the world thought-

ful, observant, seeking knowledge, and not shrinking from a little difficulty in obtaining it ; a youth with a free mind, taught to reason, and determined only upon truth, by whatever process he has come to that result ; he is the enemy of Ignorance. The pupil who has learned to teach himself will be the man to put your cause in danger, though he may have left school very backward in his Greek and Latin.

CIVETTA. Dr. Thomas Williams, a member of the University of Cambridge, and Ph. D. of Pisa, does by no means neglect the Greek and Latin of " his young gentlemen " at Euclid Hall Academy. When Captain Harris exhibited his drawings of wild beasts to the Zooloos, they were amazed, and said, that " he undoubtedly took very strong medicine " before he could become so clever. Doubtless they knew how Englishmen are taught ? Very strong medicine and very nauseous is daily administered by Dr. Williams to his young gentlemen, whom by that means he hopes to make extremely wise. In an uncarpeted room, with dirty walls, the windows made opaque with paste, sit the recipients, fifty in number. They sit on forms that are immoveable, and they are expected to remain immoveable upon their forms. Their books are supported before them upon dull rows of unpainted, wooden desks, with inkstands fixed therein, about as far apart from one another as the raisins in the Sunday pudding. Dr. Williams struggles with nature to put bigness into his own five

feet seven. He sits on a lofty throne, before a desk or altar, and to him the rows of worshippers look up. He might be Serapis, as the god appeared before his demolition. The gigantic idol, with his arms upon the temple roof, was no less a real god in the Serapion than here in his Williamsion, Williams is sublime. When the hollow metal of the idol broke under the profane hatchet of the iconoclast, the crack was thought to be the crack of doom. The worshippers shrank to the ground, cowering with fear: these worshippers of Williams even in their dreams would shudder at the thought of a bold hand or voice up-lifted against him.

BUHO. I met Williams, by-the-bye, one day at a dinner-party, and the five feet seven of his height seemed then to be by five feet six too much for him; if he could have had but an inch of himself left, wherewith to run into a mouse-hole, I believe that such a temple would have then sufficed.

CIVETTA. A nod expresses the sublime will, quickly understood among an abject crowd. The first Greek class goes up. Twelve boys stand side by side, each holding a book which slightly trembles; they stand before the desk; if the cane were a sacrificial knife, a picture might be drawn of Williams as a savage priest about to offer twelve youths to the God of Ignorance. I grant that this is not agreeable, and I could wish that a most useful cause, like ours, could be maintained in the ascendant by means less repul-

sive. But children seek for knowledge, and their eagerness must be repressed. The book which these youths hold is in each case the same, and open at the same page. It contains the plays of Sophocles. These boys have been dragged through grammar as through a cactus-bush. They know all about *τυπτω*. Williams had not the consistency to say for them the active part, I strike, I have struck, I will strike ; he illustrated it, however, as they went along with clever cuts, and gave them a proper feeling of the passive form, I am struck, I have been struck, and so on. Delectus they were taught to find a choice of evils, and the Anabasis a going down into some lower deep. They had learned to wish that Homer's works were in a single copy, and so fell into their claws ; they knew what they would do, though they got flogged for it. They are now translating Philoctetes, wondering when Ulysses will be done with, for they are reading about him also with the French usher in *Télémaque*. As for the son of Poias the Melian, all they can make out is a connection between his sore foot and their sore hands. To this extent perhaps they recognise his claim to sympathy on their part, and also they can understand his hatred of Ulysses. Philoctetes agrees with the boys thoroughly about that, for Ulysses is the man

" Whom of all other Greeks he would desire
To lay his fiat upon."

The Greeks fight a hard battle, and retire to suck

their wounds. Theirs is a daily Marathon, in as far as Williams, their enemy, is concerned ; for he has as much right as Isfundear ever had to be called Xerxes, and to be represented by his consonants as doubly cross, with a dog's growl and a goose's hiss.

BUHO. Fiddledee, sir ! But I call this wholesome discipline.

CIVETTA. Wholesome ! Invigorating, bracing, the true tonic, my dear sir. I send four of my sons to Euclid Hall. The Greeks go down to suck their wounds, while they translate a passage of Shakspeare, "The quality of mercy," &c., into catalectic tetrameters. Before the awful desk their place is taken by a small herd of wild boys, who have been hunted out of the fields of arithmetic, and over the hills of algebra, into the jungle of trigonometry. Here they are confused with sines and cosines, and abused with complements, tripped over tangents, nevertheless they must on, on, through a ditch of logarithms, breaking fences of parabolas, until they are lodged safely in the pitfalls of the differential calculus.

Binns Minimus now suffers torment. In a bald book of geography, which is little more than a bad index to the contents of the world political, Binns Minimus has sinned with many an imperfect lesson. He called a well-known Isthmus, yesterday, to the dismay of the English master, Suet. As a mild punishment he was ordered to learn his duty to man

by nine o'clock on the succeeding morning. What is my duty to man, where is it? asked little Binns, but Mr. Thunderbomb was silent. This morning the young gentleman is ignorant of his duty to his fellow-creatures,—not having remembered that it was to be found in the catechism,—the Doctor knows his duty to a boy, and so Binns Minimus now suffers torment. The days are past wherein John Jacob Häuberle could flourish. That worthy's diary of punishment, as quoted by Jean Paul, yielded through half a century of teaching 911,527 strokes with the cane; 124,000 of the rod; 20,989 blows with the ruler; 10,235 boxes on the ear, with 7905 tugs; 1,115,800 raps with knuckles on the head, to say nothing of the wooden horse, and kneeling on hard peas. Those good old times are past, and flogging now is very much on the decline. Dr. Williams frequently tells his boys that caning is as painful to him as it is to the pupil suffering. Since fifty boys still yield him a good share of work, the amount of his self-flagellation is extremely serious. The Dominie might be St. Dominic. But as a Zooloo warrior, who had crossed the Cape frontier, declared his delight in sticking Dutchmen; the spear slipped into their soft unctuous skin so much more luxuriously than into the thick hide of a native, that he would much rather, he said, stick Dutchmen than eat beef; even so the hand of wrath may find a soothing outlet on the flesh of childhood. I never enjoyed sucking-pig so much

as Dr. Williams seems to be enjoying now that operation on Binns Minimus, which sends him away to where he may not even, like Arvalan,

“In impotence of anger, howl,
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds deplore.”

BUHO. That impotence of anger is, in my mind, the great object of the flogging. Mere physical pain now and then does a child good, and is soon forgotten; it will propagate no ignorance. What I like is to see a storm of anger raised in a child's heart against his teacher, all its winds tied up in a bag within him, without any hope of getting vent, except among his companions in spiteful nicknames and caricatures. Ignorance suffers when a child is taught through its affections. Therefore, I say, let us have none of that puling nonsense; let us instil some pluck into our boys.

AZIOLA. We do that when we pay a man to bully them, and teach them to tyrannise over each other.

ULULA. Boys who have grown with greater freedom, who have been molly-coddled in your sentimental schools, will tumble about, shout, and play, like mere children—will, in their short anger, resent blow with blow; and wrestle with each other out of mere animal joyaunce: as sanitary numskulls say, out of the activity of their muscular system in that period of life. A school so constituted never can become a model of the world, and preparation for it. Where are the rankling enmities, the party feuds, and the hot rivalries? where is the gentlemanly tone of

feeling raised by this free delivery of a parcel of boys into the keeping of their own natural affectionateness? These bursts of passion, over so soon and unresented; this simplicity of purpose, which prompts every one to speak truth, and believe his neighbour;—is this any preparation for the tricks and triumphs of the grown-up world?

SCREECH. Certainly not. And as for the ground gone over by way of instruction, the more barren it is the better. Let the youngster learn the fallacy of hope, when, thirsty for instruction on all things surrounding him, he is mocked by a mirage of Greek. Let him find in school the dryness of a desert, and, frowning on the desert—monument of times that are no more—let the great Sphinx be his teacher.

CIVETTA. I will not say more about Williams; as he is a sphinx, you will excuse me for exhibiting his image only half uncovered. Of him I say, as our friend said of Smith, that he is not a counterpart of all his brethren. The friends of Ignorance assume shapes even more manifold than partisans of Knowledge. I do also regret to see, and am obliged to state with pain, that many schools which we could have pronounced to be unexceptionable twenty years ago, have suffered themselves to become corrupted.

AZIOLA. Something, for example, is now studied of the works of God, where once there were no works looked into save those of Lindley Murray, Julius Cæsar, and one or two more of their kidney.

ULULA. A mean yielding to pressure I call it, when I see men advertising that they keep scientific apparatus, and deliver lectures, at stated periods, on astronomy and chemistry. True, they know little of such subjects, and, if they knew much, could not impart it by their manner of lecturing. Yet they show experiments ; they make children, in that way, attentive and inquisitive ; I am afraid they interest them. True though it be that they reply to the asking of the knowledge-mongers, not with a fish, but with a stone : yet, if the stone be shaped and painted like a fish, it still becomes an interesting object ; and I regret to think that it may lead to a more imperious desire for the real animal.

BUHO. We have not yet gone too far to recede ; the cane is not dropped, though in some hands the grasp of it relaxes ; the child's head is still rapped by the teacher a hundred and fifty times for every once that it is sported over with a light caress. But I shout to you that I have felt the small end of the wedge.

CIVETTA. That everlasting small end of the wedge gets introduced anywhere and everywhere. Harden yourselves against it and be happy. All is well with England, and with us, at present. When, like the Thessalian who sang against the nightingale, or like the nightingale who sang against St. Francis, the poet of Moses tightens up his braces for a contest against Dante, let him not despair. Before he

sings the *Paradise of Ignorance*, copious materials exist for depicting such a *Purgatory of Schoolmasters*, as an introduction to the sphere where ignorance is bliss, that our English poet who makes use of them may count upon the wonder of posterity.

An allusion to the Sunday pudding may have led you to regard the fifty boys of Dr. Williams as boarders, and the dexterous phrase, "Here they come," suggested to me at least that the twenty children whom Smith teaches do not board with him. Mrs. Williams is a mother to her husband's fifty boys, over whose linen she hangs daily with affectionate solicitude; the boys themselves she sees at dinner-time, and they look with longing eyes towards their mother, as she cuts the pudding.

AZIOLA. Sm——

BUHO. Smith is a fool.

AZIOLA. He says that there is no minute which suggests a thought to a child's mind by which it is not educated or drawn farther out of the blank state of babyhood. He says that it is well for a child to have daily intercourse, daily community and insensible comparison of thought, with other children; that children find in each other their best playfellows. He prefers, therefore, greatly prefers, that a child should exercise his body and his mind abroad with schoolfellows, than that it should risk becoming sickly by home-nursing, like a garden plant kept in

a room too tenderly. But he believes in home. It pains him that parents, who are not ashamed to show their actions to their children, when they have it in their power to send them to a well-conducted school during the day, and, in the evening, can let father and mother be their companions, yet do not do so. That such children should be sent miles away, to live where the tenderest teacher could not possibly supply the place of home, Smith calls a great mistake. It is at home, says Smith, and not in a class at school reading the Testament, or catching flies in a school-pew, or learning collects by a school-room fire, that children can be made truly devotional. The child can kiss true prayer, word by word, from its mother's lips ; when older, it can appreciate a father's rectitude, a mother's acts of self-denial, or take part, with a warm heart, in the household devotion of its parents. So Smith objects to boarding-schools ; but as all parents do not live near a teacher who is capable of answering their children's wants, he cannot quite exclude the system. Individually, he declines to be responsible for more than three or four ; that is to say, for so many as may, without disproportion, enter into the composition of a family, and form a copy of home not too ridiculously out of drawing. Even of these three or four, it would delight him if some or all had homes not so remote as to prevent them from being, on Saturday and Sunday nights, in bed, under the care of

those who watched their cradles. Home has its lessons—

“ Beauty and virtue,
 Fatherly cares and filial veneration,
 Hearts which are proved and strengthened by affliction,
 Manly resentment, fortitude, and action,
 Womanly goodness ;
 All with which Nature halloweth her daughters,
 Tenderness, truth, and purity and meekness,
 Piety, patience, faith and resignation,
 Love and devotement.”—

Must the child be, month after month, excluded from his part in these domestic studies? That is how Smith preaches.

BUHO. Who should be a poet or a parson. Evidently he is not a married man.

CIVETTA. You have observed, also, that I spoke always of Williams and his Boys; Smith had his Children.

AZIOLA. Aha! you say, observing the inclusive nature of the term, that rascal Smith is educating boys and girls together. You are right again. I blush to say that so he is. I am surprised that Nature should produce us boys and girls to grow together in one family. For adults of opposite sex to meet promiscuously at church, at theatres, and balls; for adult gentlemen to put their arms round adult ladies, and twirl about with them, is what only a puritan could grumble at; for we adults are never naughty: but that little girls should

play and learn with little boys—perhaps run after them—my modesty is overcome by the idea. Fancy a little girl running after a little boy : do we do things like that, I wonder, in the grown-up world ? No ; in the teaching of children, the two sexes must be marked by the strongest lines of separation, and I am myself too thoroughly delicate even to talk about them both, without a blush, in the same sentence.

AN OWLET (*from the bottom of the table*). Mr. Chairman, it occurs to me that we ought not to profess open Defence of Ignorance. Can't we be advocates of Moderate Enlightenment ?

ULULA. That would be idle, sir. March-of-Intellect-boys have to be antagonised. We have been terribly warned of late. The Continent of Europe has, within the present century, been overspread with schools, and we have lately seen the consequences—frightful revolutions. Sir, the time is come when every strong mind must take its place, either on the right hand or on the left. The time is gone by for a timid policy. We would not live to see the good old institutions of our country swept away. To resist the spirit of change, we must resist the spirit of knowledge. Perhaps, under other circumstances, we might have been ready to make various concessions to the educator ; now, our safest refuge is a bold antagonism. We must invade, or be invaded, We throw off a mask, and strike the blow.

AZIOLA. Why do you make fuss ? We are in no

more danger of an Educated England, than we are of Healthy Homes.

ULULA. Why do we make a fuss then ? Why does any body make a fuss ? If there be humbugs abroad trading on the sanitary cause, and fidgets ever on the move are getting up an Education movement, threatening to break our rest, must we not show how strong we are, to frighten these poor gentlemen ? It is all very fine, you say, to spar and strike out when there is nobody to fight. What do they make such a noise for, then ? We ought to show them that we are not to be bullied ; proper dignity requires, as Lord John Russell says of Popery, which is as near to us as education is, that we leap forward, backward, or to one side, I forget which, and put ourselves in a defensive attitude. There's chapter and verse for you. That is just what we are doing here in the Defence of Ignorance.

SCREECH. That the ignorance of the middle classes is in a sound and safe state for the present, we can see by the bitterness of party, and the durability of all manner of misunderstanding. Misunderstandings are the stones which macadamise the road of life ; our way without them would be tedious from the excess of softness. Now I have seen reason to suspect that Knowledge impresses on its victims a belief that nobody is all wrong or all right. That opposite lines of belief or conduct may run over the land of truth, and that it is honest for a man to travel upon either ;

that so a man going to Birmingham need not necessarily spit at a man going to Bath. The victims of knowledge may at last be brought into a state of such great wickedness, that they doubt the entire depravity of man. They almost doubt whether any human being would fail to get the sympathy of another who should be cognisant of all his thoughts and all his springs of action. They say that nine-tenths of the quarrels they have witnessed would have dropped immediately, if each party had seen nakedly the other's mind, and either have resulted in absolute unanimity, or friendly opposition of opinion. They say that if there were no ignorance there would be no party heat, and if there were no party heat there would be no ignorance. This is a pretty argument, you cannot catch it by the tail ; like the snake of eternity its tail is in its mouth, it is a perfect circle.

ULULA. So may Ignorance exist for ever.

AZIOLA. If knowledge is to put an end to all misunderstanding, and cause us to see that every man and woman is a good sort of fellow after all, who will there be left to impute bad motives to good designs, to carry and credit scandal, to accuse Catholics of a desire to burn the Protestants, and Tories of a wish to trample on the poor, and Radicals of a desire to rush at anything that merits veneration ? If nobody is to have enemies, where will be our patience and forgiveness ; when we are all so good to one another

as a better knowledge promises to make us, we shall be as dull as pigeons in a pie. It could be no duller "down among the dead men."

CIVETTA. Chiron found it a bore to live for ever, Lucian says, and so he quashed his immortality, but found, poor fellow, death also monotonous. What should we do if we were all so good and wise that we could not even take wit-sauce to our wisdom. "*Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il le croit.*" Let me be ignorant.

But let us seek a wise man after our own heart, who sees a great deal farther than your ordinary knowledge-monger. Let us go to Zadkiel, and buy at five and twenty guineas each a pair of his delightful crystals; or no,—that will be too expensive,—let us hire a clairvoyante, to show to us the inside of Brown's head. Our friend Brown is a gentleman who has received in his youth a good classical and commercial education. I believe that he has forgotten everything, of which the knowledge has not been ensured by practice; every thing but reading, writing, and so much arithmetic as enters into his daily life. I know that he has of late picked up a good deal of information from daily and weekly journals, which unhappily are pandering to a base desire for information. Much that he reads I doubt whether he understands, however, and that is lucky. I am sure that he was never taught to think correctly, or to take what they call, in the jargon of the day,

"comprehensive views." He is a studious man, however, and extremely deep in heraldry ; that is his hobby. Well, Miss Fathomall, will you be good enough—O yes ; here is your fee—will you be good enough to place your lily white hand on our friend Brown's bald pate. He has a noble head, you see. Now, Brown, go to sleep. He will not, Miss ; he is a very wide awake fellow, but it does not matter. Think away, Brown, while I take the lady's other hand ; think over all you know ; if any gentleman or lady will take my other hand, and somebody take his or her other hand, and so on, we can make a chain, and the current of Brown's thoughts will pass through us all. O dear no ; Brown is a decent man, you will experience no shock. He is taking stock of all his information : Greek, there's a dual number, and a tense called aorist, and one verb in the grammar is *τυπτω*, there's Aeschylus, and there's Herodotus, and there's a war called Peloponnesian and Xerxes. Latin, I know some,—let me see—"bis dat qui cito dat," "ingenuas didicisse," &c., and there's "post hoc non propter hoc," and there's "sic vos non vobis," which goes on melliki—something, but it is not usual to quote the rest, so it don't matter my not knowing it. I know a whole line, by-the-bye, "O fortunati minimum sua si bona norint." Come, that would fetch something in the House of Commons. I think it's from Ovid. There's the Augustan age, and Coriolanus. Brutus goes with liberty and Tarquin's

ravishing strides,—a verb agrees with its nominative case. English history, there's Arthur—round table—Alfred burnt oatcakes—Henry VIII. had a number of wives, was the son of Queen Elizabeth, who wore a stiff frill and didn't marry. George III. had two prime ministers, Horace Walpole and Mr. Pitt, The Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, and Waterloo, also Trafalgar and Rule Britannia—O, and there's Aristotle, shone in a number of things, generally safe to mention. Plato and friendly attachment—Mem. avoid mentioning Plato, there's something about a republic, on which I don't feel safe when it's occasionally mentioned. Botany: sap, the blood of trees—the leaves of flowers are called petals—also parts called pistils, which I could make a pun upon if I knew what they were—cosines in algebra, the same, which would make play with cousins—plus and minus, more and less—there's a word, rationale, don't know whether French or Latin, but extremely good to use—foreign politics I don't make much of, not understanding history of foreign countries. Germans, I know, dreamy—Klopstock—know his name, and think he was a drummer. Gerter was great. And I think there's an Emperor Barbarossa, but, Mem., be cautious, for I'm not sure whether that's not the name of an animal. Understand animals, having been twice to the Zoological Gardens. Have read Shakspeare—not Milton, but it's safe to praise him. Fine, a good epithet to apply to him.

Know a good glass of claret. Lots of anecdotes—I'll tell you one. Once at a bar dinner, there was an Irish barrister who chanced never to have tasted olives — Miss Fathomall removes her hand, bar dinner stories hurt her.

Well, Brown, you need not look crossly at me. I know that it is as you say; you have got on very well in the world upon your stock of knowledge. You are a man with no humbug about you. You have done your duty, stuck to business, and are exceedingly well off, you can tell me. I know it, shake hands, Brown. I like to shake hands with a man who is well off. How are you, Brown? Beautiful weather?

ULULA. Thank you, Civetta; you are quite a Matthews. Not a Mathew: fill your glass, and let us have the bottle. Well, we may wind up this topic. The tendency to relax discipline, and introduce what march-of-intellect men style useful knowledge, threatens in time seriously to corrupt our schools. The direction taken by journalism in the present day also, and the prevailing spirit of our newspapers is extremely alarming; most of them are marching in hostility to Ignorance, and in a straight line towards her fortress. Indirect Education has diffused much information and awakened much intelligence among the middle classes. We must face the danger. The great gate of the Castle of Ignorance, if I may speak

figuratively, is that which opposes education of the poor. We should perhaps have opened with this part of our question, but at any rate we will discuss it now. Civetta, you are prepared, I think, to introduce the subject. While you are warm, go on, and make another speech.

CIVETTA. Warm, sir !—Castle of Ignorance ! gates ! Mr. Chairman, permit me too to be figurative, and compare our structure to that castle in the Faerie Queene with a huge fire in the entrance, which the knight, Scudamour, was unable to cross. There, you see, are our gates of thick iron glowing in a white heat. They need no bolt, for the thief must be made of asbestos who would dare to touch them. They are heated by a furnace of religious zeal, which has been built just under their threshold, and it is marvellous to see upon them letters black as coffin-lids in spite of the surrounding glow, as if they had been written there with a huge finger dipped in Night :

Ignorance of the Poor.

These gates you see are not easily to be flung open. Touch them but ever so little, and I warrant you will burn your fingers. What if I do burn mine ; my fancy is already fired. It must blaze out. I long to lay a hand upon these gates, and to caress them for five minutes. I should not be happy if you hindered me. There are some things that no

man willingly would die and leave undone, and if he did die, he would desire to get up from his grave to do them. So it was with Saint Bonaventura, whom death called away before he had finished the last chapter of his life of Saint Francis. He could not sleep in his coffin for thinking of his interrupted work, so at last he rose, and his corpse came home to his old study, took a pen and ink, and wrote for three days, till the book was finished, then returned into the grave, able to tuck itself up comfortably.

Let me alone ; I will not blister myself much. How I enjoy this heat ! O that I could wriggle myself like a Salamander through the glowing coals, and nestle in the hottest corner of the furnace ! It is so beautiful to think that Christians should have settled from the beginning, that love to God and man, faith, hope, and charity are the mere superfluity and fat of their religion—that which gives roundness and beauty to the outline, while the flesh and bone consist in a scientific knowledge of the nature and the attributes of God. How very bony, too, some of us are ; all bone and fibre ; with but little fat to hamper us, and be a clog on our extreme activity.

Since the first days, when, as an early father writes, all the post-horses of the Roman empire were engaged by bishops, scampering about in search of the true religion. Since those first days until the last, how many theories have been pronounced by some party the only ropes whereby men could be pulled up

into heaven. And there were always other parties to declare these ropes mere halters—instruments of ignominious and certain death. Delicious is the fire of theologic zeal which wants the latitude and longitude of Heaven, takes the measurement of Satan's tail, sets brothers quarrelling about a pinch of mint, and, not unmindful of the Sermon on the Mount, endeavours to make all men blessed, by taking care that they shall all be reviled and persecuted, and have all manner of evil said against them falsely for the sake of the religion which their hearts adopt. O, Methodist! revile the Church; O, Church! revile the Methodist; O, Catholic! revile them both; O, both of ye, revile the Catholic. So keep this furnace hot. and let no mortal hand push at this gate. Ignorance of the poor! be thou a barrier for ever.

Excuse a trifle of enthusiasm, sir, for how can I regard this glorious Defence of Ignorance without a sentiment of generous emotion? And I know, too, that upon the furnace down there fresh coals have been thrown by the Pope only this minute. As they fell, did I not hear the furnace leap and crackle? Presently the gates will glow with double fierceness.

It may be said that the Pope had no business to throw fresh coals upon our fire—that it was hot enough without his interference. This oven is so hot, that it invariably scorches those who venture near enough to feed it. As for the Pope's coals, our enemies—the Educationists—would like to have a pair

of long tongs wherewith quietly to take them off again before they throw out heat ; but it is the custom in this country, I rejoice to say, in all such cases, to employ the poker. We have stirred the coals in, and got up a rousing blaze. Sweet Mistress Ignorance, sleep on in peace ! your gates are excellently guarded. Friend, you see that trap ; I have a coal or two to throw into the fire.

The Pope is a cuckoo, and his Grace of Canterbury a hedge-sparrow in whose nest there has been cucular intrusion. By no means hatch, O England, these outlandish eggs. The machinations of the Pope are ship-worms eating into your heart of oak. These screw their way into the vessel of the Church wherever it is submerged in the stormy waters of debate. The lower timbers of that vessel are not, and must never on any account be, sheathed with the base copper of a human education.

O, all ye good Christians, disagree and split among yourselves. O, Churchmen, let me not ask what else besides a right opinion on the surplice question, Christian views of the wax candle difficulty, a holy reverence for wood as the material for altars,—what else but a right understanding of discussions upon wood and stone, and wax and calico, can be intended by the narrow way to Heaven ? Ask of your intellect. Can there be anything more narrow ?

Excuse me, my dear fellows ; don't be frightened : I've some more coals to throw down.

There's Baptismal Regeneration ; a coal full of gas, with plenty of blaze in it. How can a man possibly be saved with wrong views about that. We'll say, I go with Gorham ; anything, so long as I can keep the furnace going. Gorham, I say : as for Exeter, he is a mangrove tree, that only flourishes where there is mud to fix upon, in bitter, shallow water, and the atmosphere is of the hottest.

More coal ! The Mussulmen are clever hands at keeping Ramadan, at any rate in the Sahara. Mr. Richardson, the traveller, writes, that in their forty days of fast from sunrise until sunset, they do the right thing with scrupulous exactitude. One of them, suffering from severe ophthalmia, would have no caustic dropped into his eye, lest, by some chance, the substance, sucked into the blood, should reach the stomach and so nourish him. That is fasting ! In the morning these earnest men, unable to eat, go to bed, and get up in the evening. A little before sunset they mount to their housetops with a pocket full of dates and, date in hand, watch the declining sun, and in the same instant that the sun vanishes the date also disappears ; from that time festival begins. The fasting heroes eat and drink all night, and pop, at sunrise, into bed again. Whoever taught them that trick must have been the C. J. London of the desert. There is a logical judiciousness about the whole affair, which leaves the Ramadan observed and the flesh satisfied. Don't go with the Bishop of London.

Toleration ! It is one of our cant words : it means letting the tares grow with our corn and watering the thistles.

More coal : I care not where it may alight, so that it blazes. I stand here for the defence of Ignorance, and I am bound to feed the furnace of sectarian zeal. The Church affects to be indignant only at the insolence of Rome. Christians, for the matter of that, have temper enough to pity and forgive mere insolence. No : when I see waves running mountains high, wind fighting with the tattered sail, all hands on deck frantically pumping, shouting, scolding,—in all the shriek and thunder of a tempest,—it won't do to tell me that the sailors are beside themselves because the spoon-drift gets into their whiskers.

No : it is related of a certain trumpeter at Cape Town, that he went to sleep one day by the road-side. There came a lion who took him up and trotted off with him. The trumpeter awoke while in the lion's paws, perceived his danger, put his trumpet to his mouth and blew a terrible alarm upon the trumpet ; the lion dropped him instantly and scoured away. Rome, as a lion roaring for her prey, believed our Church asleep. But we can sound a trumpet.

Shades of opinion are various ; and among men who think, agreement upon all points is impossible. Did not the Greek satirist mean mischief, when he said of Cerberus that " he could not only bark like a god but talk like a human being." In order that our

utterance may be divine, we must instinctively repeat some cry, not talk like men our own opinions.

What are you saying? That the Church, our schoolmistress, must not attempt to make her children walk in single file, but suffer them to play about her freely within reasonable limits. Pretty discipline indeed! Do you say that Christians must learn to tolerate among each other freedom of inquiry, and admit wide differences of opinion upon names and theories connected with that groundwork of religion, upon which we take our common stand? Sir, this is the veriest cant of Toleration. It would put our furnace out. The very next thing would be an establishment of schools for the imparting of our common knowledge—which, being truth, is part of God—to all the children of the poor, and leaving each child to receive lessons in religion from its own religious teacher. Let the Church perish if it must, but let it die as a Church Militant. There was a glorious pastor in the olden time, who was tormented by the weekly slumbers of one heavy-eyed parishioner. One day the provocation went beyond all endurance, and “I’ll tell you what, my man,” the pastor said, “if you won’t hear the word of God, I’ll make you feel it!” so he threw the bible at his head and woke him up. In some sense this is what we all are bound to do; if men will not attend to our expoundings of the sacred volume, we must use it as a military weapon; up guards and at them. Rome opens her house door

widely—bold theologian—to receive the vagabonds who fly before your tomahawk. I join you ; shake my fist and yell at Rome. But drop my tomahawk ! Who dares to suggest that ? Would you not wish me also to cut out my tongue ? Infamous Manichee, would it not please you to extract my teeth and feed me upon milk and honey ? Will Ignorance accept me for her knight if I prove such a dastard ?

Dear friend, excuse me if I dance and pull my hair, spout verse, and am a little frantic as I contemplate these gates. Their glow diffuses itself through my heart. Here we have true security. As for “the good time coming,” of our enemies, we can retort their—“wait a little longer.”

“Credula vitam

Spes alit, et melius cras fore semper ait.” (*Hear, hear.*)

’Tis the old weakness ; we could find it commented upon in Phrygian, if any Phrygian remained for us to read beyond what is now spoken by the billy-goats.

Sir, if you wish to hear the roaring of the blaze made by the Papal coals, just turn your ear in this direction. The crackle to which you are now attending is a mere sputter in the House of Commons. Listen here, ay, peep too ; see how the fire catches among the poor, when a hot parson comes among them like a fire-ship in the middle of a helpless fleet. From the Report published this year of a Missionary to the Poor in Liverpool, Mr. Bishop—a poor man’s Bishop, who has no snug mitre for his nightcap—

you will thank me for quoting a few golden words of joy. The writer himself is obviously blind to the beauty of his pictures, but to us, as we stand here in the courts of Ignorance, they wink auspiciously: for pictures do wink now and then. Good, sir; I touch upon another controversy, and a roar from the furnace shouts "they never can." No, I reply, they never can. I back all combatants.

"Negat quis, nego; ait, aio:
Postremò imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia assentari." (*Hear, hear.*)

If I could lay among you all an egg of mischief, I'd be—not a butterfly, but—an Aepyornis. I'd be an Aepyornis, born in Madagascar, laying and hatching eggs every hour. The fossil eggs of that bird now in Paris are sublime. One of them equals in bulk an entire gross of hen's eggs, or fifty thousand eggs of humming birds. How must we deplore that Milton is not writing in our days. When Satan left hell on his first great journey to the earth, how much could the sublime effect of the description have been heightened by the casual mention, that he took a few of these eggs in his pocket, hardboiled, for refreshment on the way. O for such eggs of mischief. Yes, sir, I thank you, you suggest a fact: there is a nest in which such eggs are sometimes laid. Says Mr. Bishop: "In the course of my visits one Monday morning I found a worthy woman, the mother of a large family, bowed down with heaviness and grief;

* * her husband * * had been 'at her again,' as she phrased it, 'because I am not Protestant enough for him, though I never go to my own chapel, and when I go anywhere I go to church with him. Oh ! I dread the Sunday ; it is the worst day of the week to us.' She then went on to tell how her husband had induced her to accompany him one evening to hear a favourite preacher, and that the latter, in the course of his sermon, cautioned parents against employing Catholic servants, *for it was neither safe for them nor for their children to have persons about them who might any night set the house on fire over their heads.* 'I was a servant myself, for years, Mr. Bishop,' the poor woman continued, 'and I have relations who are servants, and it made my blood boil to hear such wickedness charged upon us ; and me and my husband quarrelled more than a bit about it when we came out.' "

AZIOLA. Dear Mistress Ignorance, smile in your sleep. Permit me in your honourable name to thank the preacher who can

" Turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding a credulous people to his will."—

Reverend Aepynoris, suffer me to scratch your poll.

CIVETTA. The Home Missionary says, that " in proportion to the imperfect state of men's religious characters will their passions be aroused in attacking the opinions of others, or in hearing their own attacked ; and amongst many of the poor and ignorant the recent

movement has evoked a bitterness of feeling and a strength of antipathy, which it will take a long time to subdue. The public papers have told of two drunken men who, in the course of a quarrel on the subject, whilst confined in one of our bridewells, tore each other with the ferocity of wild beasts; they have also recorded * * ; and I have myself heard women as well as men, on both sides, venting their excited feelings in cursing and swearing, and have known of the matter being a cause of contention, even in the resorts of the most degraded and abandoned of the female sex. One morning I entered a house in a court in Jamaica-street, and saw a drunken man sitting over the fire, belching out curses against the Pope, and boasting of what he had heard a popular clergyman say, whom he described familiarly by his christian name, at a meeting on the previous evening; and on another occasion, I saw a wild looking fellow throwing up his cap in defiance of the Pope's opponents, and vowing that he was ready to die for his religion."

Dear Mistress, you may well smile in your sleep. The furnace at our gate burns well. The Scudamours of Education more than once have been repelled when

"In the porch, that did them sore amate,
Our flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphur, that with griesly hate
And dreadful horror did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke."

Let them come on again. Dear sir, I am beside

myself with joy. Look here ! Look at the glorious condition that our zeal perpetuates.

Pardon the repetition ; but a good fact merits an encore ; as I before said, there are in England and Wales Eight Millions of us unable to read and write. Of all the blushing British Brides who come to sign the marriage register one half find it impossible to write down their own names. That pretty woman, Anne Jones, is no more able than a cat to put her Tom's name upon paper. Tom Jones is to her a signature as difficult as any, as difficult as that of the Cingalese gentleman named in a recent work upon Ceylon, — Don David Jazetileke Abeyesiriwardine Illangakoon Maha Moodliar. (*Great Applause.*)

ULULA. Pauperism costs us 7,000,000*l.* a-year. The national grant for education is about one and three-quarters per cent. of that amount. If any debt be due to knowledge, England allows it to stand over, while she pays mere dribblets of her interest. Twenty years ago, in proportion to the population, there were fewer blind children than there are now. Blind in their minds I mean, through total absence of instruction.

GLAUX. Twenty years ago ! Ah ! dear ; it makes us scratch our grey heads when we hear our own time dealt with so in masses. Twenty years rolled into a pill, and dropped so carelessly, reminds us in an aggravating manner of the speed with which the libation of a lifetime rushes out of us, and leaves our bodies

empty cups, thrown each into its dust-hole. For pity's sake, let us unravel this ball of time. Go back, too, somewhat farther—be historical, and touch years tenderly, as if we loved them. I bring facts.

The first impulse to public education was given abroad by Pestalozzi ; but we will not touch him ; he is poisonous, as foreigners all are, except the men of Turkey, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Southern Italy, who agree with England in acknowledging the rule of Ignorance. In other countries, only two men in a hundred have escaped the Education-pox. If we go too much among them we shall catch it. The very air in Germany smells like a school-room. In Germany they say a school-room does not smell ; but we know better. Of one of our school-rooms, Mr. Lingen says, "I never shall forget the hot, sickening smell, which struck me on opening the door of that low, dark room, in which thirty girls and twenty boys were huddled together. It more nearly resembled the smell of the engine on board a steamer, such as is felt by a sea-sick voyager on passing near the funnel."

BUHO. I dare say. What right had so many parents to send children to be taught ?—were there no gutters in the district ?

SCREECH. The faces of foreign children have been ignominiously washed, and the streets swarm with them at five minutes to nine as they are all pattering to school, where they suffer vile imprisonment day

after day, while our free British boys are early trained to independence. Many of them even earn their living at a time when foreign boys are at their A, B, C.

GLAUX. In 1798 there rose up Joseph Lancaster, a quaker, whom the spirit moved to meddle with the children of this country. He advocated, by precept and example, a new system of education for the poor, by monitors and by a master apt to teach, with quaint ways of correcting error.

BUHO. What was this man's religion?

GLAUX. He was a mere Quaker. He said I cannot teach your creed, or any creed; but I will take boys to whom you yourselves have never taught it—I will educate them; they shall read and write, and cipher; they shall be made teachable and good; they shall know all their Christian duty; and then the churches are all yours, your ministers shall teach their doctrines. At this good men felt naturally angry, for the poor were taken from their hands, and taught, as if the world contained no catechism—as if there were no Act of Uniformity—no Book of Common Prayer to be read. What right had any one to teach the people reading, writing, and arithmetic?

AZIOLA. There are not wanting malignant men who will endeavour to remove all sting from your reproaches by declaring, that you mean the contrary to what you say.

GLAUX. A sweeping method of reply to an autagonist; but I will leave no room even for this mean sub-

terfuge. The man, Lancaster, shall be put down by other lips than mine. Not my cry, but the cry of his own time, in the words of an earnest contemporary, shall be lifted up against him. I trust there is no need to allude to the respectability of Mrs. Trimmer (in Lancaster's time), authoress of profitable children's books. She was the mouthpiece of a large religious party. She wrote against Lancaster, so let her speak. I glory to confess, that I quote her words from the pages of a scoffer (Sydney Smith), who did not hesitate to stain his intellect with satire. He has maltreated Mrs. Trimmer; but as he has quoted some of her most pregnant passages, and as I have not Trimmer's works at home, I am obliged to filch these isolated gems out of a tawdry setting. Mrs. Trimmer, in her book, demolished Lancaster in detail, slaughtering an inch of him, it seems, in every paragraph. "When I meet," says Mr. Lancaster, "with a slovenly boy, I put a label upon his breast—I walk him round the school with a tin or a paper crown upon his head." "Surely," says Mrs. Trimmer, as she digs her poker down into the fire of zeal, "surely it should be remembered that the Saviour of the World was crowned with thorns in derision, and that this is a reason why crowning is an improper punishment for a slovenly boy." When a boy has been continuously well-behaved, he gets from Mr. Lancaster a badge of merit. Mrs. Trimmer, who believes the State to be as much in danger as the

Church—and therein I agree with her—remarks, that “ Boys, accustomed to consider themselves the nobles of the school, may, in their future lives, from a conceit of their own merits (unless they have very sound principles), aspire to be nobles of the land, and to take place of the hereditary nobility.”

The danger to the country wore a more alarming aspect when, in 1805, the educational plans of Lancaster became matured into an organised conspiracy. The British and Foreign School Society was formed for educating all parties alike ; for teaching the Churchman and the Methodist to read on the same principles. The only merit of this society was, that it excluded the Roman Catholics, the Unitarians, and Jews, who, it was thought, would be more likely to emerge from error, by being consigned to Ignorance.

Friends of the constitution found it necessary then to sound a louder tocsin, and sent over to India for their bell. From Madras came Dr. Bell, who was immediately set up as the educational reformer. The National School Society was established, in 1811, as an opposition to the latitudinarian establishment. The children who attended these schools were to learn the catechism, attend the parish church, and use only such books as were approved by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

AZIOLA. Now, here, the Church was mean ; she said, I do not like your principle ; my doctrines are essential,

and I do not like to see a school in which they are left out. But go on ; I cannot hinder you, except by seeking to excel your plan and winning children to myself. I also, therefore, will establish schools, and teach not only reading and writing, but that which I hold to be religion also. Quite right, says the Knowledge-monger, so we get two schools instead of one. You have omitted to state, GLAUX, that Bell discovered and advocated in a pamphlet, the system of instruction by means of monitors, the Madras system it was then called. Lancaster read the pamphlet and misapplied the idea to the education of a people.

GLAUX. Oberlin, another nasty foreigner, in 1780, had established the germ of infant schools in the Ban de la Roche. In 1815 the busybodies who set up to mend the world, began to introduce them into England. Here, again, the schools were imported in a crude state, just as they were found, no religious doctrine was provided for the infants. Not long afterwards were founded the Church Infant Schools. When the Church entered thus into the race, it is no wonder that Lord Brougham was tempted. His opportunity, he thought, was come, and in the year 1820 he introduced a National Education Bill.

CIVETTA. Our lady, Ignorance, who had been twitching for some time, then started from her sleep. Look to the fire at the front gate ! she cried.

GLAUX. We looked to it. The dissenters abused

Lord Brougham's Bill for being respectful to the Church; the Church exclaimed against respect for the dissenters. The fire burned cheerily, and my Lord Brougham burnt his fingers when he thought to get the gate open.

CIVETTA. Lord Brougham went off and soon afterwards climbed up my lady's wall, where he sat perched with a Poetry Boy, throwing stones at her front door, Ignorance of the Middle Classes. University College is the name of a big stone that lies now upon her door step. Those fellows, in 1827, threw it. I deplore to add that a parcel of bishops climbed the wall when he got down, and threw a bigger stone, King's College, a regular boulder.

I don't trust the Church. The very poker with which she occasionally stirs that fire, may strike us on the head some of these days. As for her poker, she is a large person, and her thrusts are in proportion vigorous; but I should fail of a duty if I omitted to return thanks to our sectarian friends of all denominations; because each denomination seems to me to keep a poker of a size proportioned to its strength, and some aspire beyond that limitation, as some ants will labour with too large a straw.

GLAUX. In 1831, Lord Stanley, as secretary for Ireland, established in Dublin a National Board of Education for Catholics and Protestants. The Irish Education Act might have done damage to our cause by this time, but I never feared. It has been almost

a dead letter for want of funds. As the Fiend says in the play, "Ha ! ha !"

In 1835 some evil-disposed persons, who were often glancing at our windows, organised a gang. They called themselves "the Central Society of Education," and conducted a plot against your mistress. Pamphlets and handbills passed about, outside her walls, speeches were made, the press, a horrid catapult, fired all manner of articles against her, and the government of England said at last that something should be done. But what ? The Fiend, who reappears from behind a bush, shouts unexpectedly again : "Ha ! ha !"

SCREECH. In 1839 it was said that something should be done. In 1851, however, nothing has been done. It was determined in 1839 to appoint an Educational Board, but what manner of Board to get no mortal could tell. Rector Sleek could not be asked to work with the Hon. Mr. Prim, or with the Rev. Zachariah Howler. It was not possible to represent all parties on the Board, unless the Tamer of the Happy Family were asked to act as president, and it was not desirable or fit that any party should be left unrepresented.

GLAUX. So it was resolved to turn out from the Cabinet itself a real five-in-hand committee, the tits being chosen from the Privy Council. The Committee of Privy Council for Education being thus established—

CIVETTA. And its members having other matters beside Education to attend to—

GLAUX. A trustworthy secretary was immediately looked for, and the reins committed to the hands of Dr. Kay, now Sir Kay Shuttleworth. Dr. Kay had caught an education fever from the Continent. He said that to schools teachers were necessary, and that these teachers to be fit for duty required training.

SCREECH. Quite, you perceive, a coachman's notion.

GLAUX. Teachers abroad are treated like our horses, and sent off to training establishments, where they undergo a three years' preparation, before they are warranted as safe in harness. In Saxony, with a population nearly as large as that of London, there are nine such training schools, or normal schools as they are called, in Prussia forty or fifty. So at the suggestion of Dr. Kay the English government proposed a Bill for the establishment of one: It proposed to found a college for perfecting the education of young teachers, and for their instruction in the science and the practice of imparting knowledge, without reference to their religious opinions.

CIVETTA. That is to say, without reference to any of the upraised pokers which immediately demolished that unhappy Bill.

GLAUX. The two educational societies, the British and Foreign, and the National, having made away

with the foundling, divided between themselves ten thousand pounds, which had been exposed with it in its little pocket.

Dr. Kay and Mr. Tuffnel, with the desperation of two hardened burglars, who were bent upon their purpose against your dear lady's establishment, these two men, Kay and Tuffnell, established a training college at their own expense. The Battersea Normal School that was, and Bible training, without Bible interpretation, formed part of its system. Good men shook their heads at it, and passed by on the other side. So Kay and Tufnell, to avoid suspicion, made over their college to the National School Society, by whom it was put out to nurse upon the bosom of the Church.

The Committee of Council for Education seeing how the wind blew, set its sail accordingly. It has a little money to dispose of annually. Up pops the Fiend: "Ha! ha!" Well, we are thankful that it is so little. This money it gives "to him who hath" in aid of what he hath, if people ask they shall receive. The blackamoor spots it is of no use to attack with whitewash. Places too poor to raise an education fund, too ignorant to know how much they want a school, lie so much under the feet of privy councillors that they are of course concealed from view. The school that asks for aid must teach the Bible and expound it, any how, only it must be expounded. Inspection shall take place, says

government ; but, never mind, you shall not be looked after very sharply. You shall look after yourselves. The cash bestowed by this committee does not fret us very much, go where it may.

ULULA. It is not quite twice the income of Christ's Hospital.

GLAUX. Our gates had proved themselves impregnable. The Lancashire Public School Association was established in 1847 by Manchester cracksmen, to establish on their own account the un-English principle of local school management and non-interference with religious feeling. In April, 1850, Fox's Bill threatens us with the German dodge of educating all and leaving ratepayers to settle in each district their own religious differences, and adjust their schools accordingly.

BUHO. Education may do for your foreigners ; your frog-eaters who get 2,000,000*l.* a-year granted (and need it) to make them rational. Britons are born rational. I scarcely deigned a glance at Fox's Bill.

GLAUX. Well, sir, the defeat and discomfiture of this Fox, that I confess I thought not worth the following, caused a meeting of sly foxes at Manchester in the October of last year. The "Lancashire" was turned into the "National" Public School Association. The vermin swore upon their tails that they would force these gates for us, and open them for ever to the people.

SCREECH. Meanwhile our gates remain impregnable.

GLAUX. As for the children who are really taught, large numbers of them have a dame, licensed by us, for teacher. Go where they may, nearly all children taught, go to their school for a short time only, from the age of six until the age of nine or ten. Says the inspector of the Midland district, the Rev. H. Moseley, "The general impression amongst those persons who are likely to be best informed on the subject, is, that the average age of the children who attend our elementary schools is steadily sinking. We may be educating more, but, they are, I believe, younger children, and stay with us a less time."

ULULA. Good. We are a practical people, and just as the members of our middle class remove their children from a state of pupillage as soon as they are tall enough to climb an office stool or show their heads and shoulders over a counter; so the children of the people are reclaimed from school so soon as they have strength and lungs enough to scare away a crow.

CIVETTA. We have now, I think, four normal schools (not forty) ill supplied with funds; these polish off a pupil in about six months, and do not take three years about it like those dummy Germans. Brisk is the word in Britain. Say that a teacher cannot get his wheels greased properly within so short a time. The fact is that we know that they ought not to be greased at all. As the people of Valparaiso say of their great bullock waggons, only fools would hinder them from creaking. The cattle are all so accustomed to it,

that they will not pull unless the waggon makes a noise ; and then, too, if you stop the creaking what is there to arouse the toll-keeper and squeak, " Wake up, my man, a vehicle is coming."

Are numbers of our countrymen left in such deep debasement as to be mere hogs ? What do you mean by a mere hog, I say ? There are parts of the world, as Minorca for example, or as Murray, between Spey and Elgin, where hogs have been found to speed the plough, as well as nobler animals. If so, why may not Great Britain, in her agricultural counties, act upon that experience, as she indeed now is doing ?

ULULA. Education can breed only discontent by taking a man out of himself. A man's house—I would interpret that, his flesh—should be his castle. Happy the man who has no need to scamper up and down the world in spirit, and to fetch his pleasure from abroad.

" Follow (for he is easy paced) the snail ;
Be thine own palace, or the world 's thy jail."

AZIOLA. It had been raining yesterday when I walked out and, in a very filthy lane, I saw a Briton who had locked himself up fast in his palace. He was a haggard man, with grey hair, who lay at length upon the muddy footpath, stretching his arms about the soil as if designing an affectionate caress for mother earth whose clod he was. His face was so much buried in a filthy puddle, that I wondered how he

could get out of his mouth the accents not of human speech but of an occasional "Broo—ha!—ha!" His mate stood over him cursing, as she prepared to pick him up.

O, fire of pious zeal! flame on; and, for the love of God, oh! Christians, let it be well stirred! These gates, my dear sir, are impregnable. Let us look to the next topic. Your Manchester cracksmen are——

BUHO. Of course they are. But did they not commit a burglary, and murder too, upon Ignorance's niece, down in the country—rob poor dear Protection of her property, and beat her on the head?

ULULA. Nonsense; that was quite another thing; and they could not have done that without aid from the London gang. But as for any harm with which they are now threatening us, you ought to be ashamed of yourself if you let that concern you. Grant all the tools they ask for, and they cannot burst those gates. Put out the fire, and the gates hold. What do these people ask? To take education from the hands of a sectarian, or of a religious man, and stick it like a bouquet in the bosom of a parish beadle. Grant them this—what do I care? While the poor, hedged in by the divinity of Ignorance, seek not strange gods, and do not heed the school; while richer men refuse to tax themselves, what harm can come to us? When Britannia shall begin to poke us up with her long spear, and play the despot, telling

us that every child up to a certain point *must* and *shall* be taught, as well as fed ; when it is left to the option of ratepayers not whether they will teach at all, but whether they will teach more than the lawful minimum—

BUHO. Compulsion, sir. I have a pamphlet in my pocket—with ten lines of it I'll knock you down. An article reprinted from a Review, which all parties acknowledge to be most respectable.

ULULA. Sir, for my own part, I hope never to see the day——

BUHO. No, sir ; I hope not, sir. Here, sir,—here I have it. I have pencilled a few passages. There's Fox's Bill, sir ; that contained "Invasions enough to make the Hair of any true Friend of Freedom stand On End." Mine has been cut lately, or you'd see it standing. Secular Education, sir ! hear this : "Will they allow the living system of God's truth to be cut asunder, as with the Executioner's Sword, and one Bleeding Half given to the Schoolmaster, and the other to the Minister ?" Fine, I believe you, sir !

AZIOLA. I, too, have read the pamphlet, Buho ; much of it is devoted to Mr. Richson's Manchester Municipal Scheme, already defunct. That emanated from a clergyman who wished to combine tolerant religious education with the Lancashire idea ;—"Authorised Version of the Scriptures," stood in his prospectus. The Catholics, excluded, scouted it. The Sectarians, included, scorned it. Salmon with-

out sauce ! Salmon, says A, must be eaten with cayenne and vinegar ; says B, no, I want plain butter ; says C, I will not have it without orthodox fish-sauce ; there is one kind of fish-sauce only, and you know what that is ; D has an eccentric appetite for salmon and garlic, while E cries for flaming brimstone on his fish. Then a wretch comes insulting A, B, C, D, E, monstrously violating civil and religious liberty, with plates of the mere insipid salmon, saying, All sauces are upon the table, gentlemen, and let each help himself. What if I like my sauce without the fish, why is fish thrust upon me ?

ULULA. Well said, Aziola. You are quite one of us.

BUHO (*still studying the Pamphlet*). I say, what 's an "Establishmentarian ?" I 've heard of Hungarians and Unitarians ;—who are the Establishmentarians ?

AZIOLA. I don't know, Buho. Perhaps the word is an abbreviation, and if we had the rest of it, I could tell what it meant.

ULULA. Well, gentlemen, we may dismiss this theme with satisfaction. Ignorance of the poor is safe for many years. The next topic——

SCREECH. Is Mrs. Ulula receiving company ?

ULULA. Five double knocks in twenty minutes make one think so, and I certainly have heard silks rustling by the door. I told my wife that we might probably sit late, and that we would have coffee in

the dining-room ; possibly she has asked some neighbours to take tea with herself and the other woman-kind. Gentlemen, our next topic, I suppose, will be

Ignorance at the Universities.

Of these, one will especially present itself as an agreeable subject of conversation.

CIVETTA. Yes. It shall stand upon a pedestal in our imaginations. First, the works of Saint Surdus, then the folios of Father Ingannato, then the holy Bishop Tiburon of Gatada, with the Life of Saint Larronius, we pile them one upon the other, and then plant the genius of Oxford on the top.

The name of University is given to the Oxford and Cambridge educational establishments, on account of their deficiency in Universal Knowledge. Of the whole sphere of study they turn one side only, and always, to the gaze of man, just as the moon does with her sphere,—or as La Merluche was ordered to do with his breeches, when he pleaded to the miser inability to wait at table :—

“ *La Merluche*.—Monsieur, vous savez bien, que j’ai mon haut-de-chausses tout troué par derrière, et qu’on me voit, révérence parler——

“ *Harpagon*.—Paix ! Rangez cela adroitement du côté de la muraille, et présentez toujours le devant au monde.”

So our universities display a sound part when they

can, and hold their raggedness du côté de la muraille. Walls unluckily have eyes as well as ears ; for, being of course wall-eyed, they are not stone blind. It has become known, therefore, that the Universities not only do not show, but do not wear, an entire suit of education. Cambridge has been lately to the tailors, and exults in the notion of appearing more respectable by virtue of a patch ; but the truth is, that, if education be their object, as I hope it is not, new clothes are required for each establishment.

The Universities are set up as opponents to our Mistress ; they are called the Seats of Learning ; ragged seats, I say. They are Nurseries of Arts. Well, sir, when I have married Mistress Ignorance, they are the nurseries in which I hope to keep my children. Oxford shall be the matron for us. All nurses are ignorant as well as prejudiced, and she is Head Nurse to the British Nation.

SCREECH. I wonder what would really be the character of any great establishment which had no other object than to foster learning ?

ULULA. What do you say, Aziola ?

AZIOLA. It would strive to represent, by numerous and active teachers, every branch upon the tree of knowledge ; and, no doubt, the labour annually spent on each department of its teaching would be carefully apportioned, and made more or less, according to its relative importance. There would be formed a grand picture, true in its perspective and harmoniously

coloured, of the intelligence to which man has attained ; and this would realise the knowledge-monger's notion of an University.

But since it is impossible that any single intellect should grasp so wide a range of information, we may fancy children trained at school to contemplate the fields of human knowledge in their due relative proportions, and as youth, obliged to recognise all outlying boundaries, while they devote especial care to the elaboration of whatever study may best suit their prospects or their tastes. Thus each might cultivate his pet plant like a labourer who knows the garden, not like a caterpillar, learned in his leaf and ignorant of all beside. His special object also will be best attained when he is most awake to all surrounding circumstances. If you reach after that pear, without considering what stands against your elbows, you may empty a decanter over me. He who desires thoroughly to know one subject should be possessed of so much intellectual geography as will enable him to see its true position in the Universe of thought.

CIVETTA. When you spoke of my upsetting a decanter, I was reminded of a story, which I mean to tell you now. A gentleman who carved a goose was inexperienced ; and thinking only of the stubborn joints that would not be unhinged, he totally forgot the gravy. Presently the goose slipped off the dish and escaped into his neighbour's lap. Now to have thrown a hot goose on a lady's lap would disconcert most people, but

the gentleman in question was not disconcerted ; turning round with a bland smile he said : " I 'll trouble you for that goose." Here we have a sublime example of the man with one idea. This gentleman's idea was the goose, and in the absorbing interest attached to his undertaking, that he was to carve that goose, not altogether knowing how, he had shut out extraneous objects. Suddenly the goose was gone, but his eyes followed it, his mind was wrapt up in his struggle with it ; what did he know of that lady ? — I 'll trouble you for That Goose, expressed the perfect abstraction of a mind bent on developing its one idea. No doubt he had gone through a course of Oxford training.

AZIOLA. Hearne had, at any rate—Hearne, the antiquary. His one idea was antiquities ; and there is one of his prayers preserved in the Bodleian library which runs as follows ; only mark, you are bold men if you laugh at it ; I dare not. It is loveable and true-hearted enough, though it does bluntly what we all do more or less ; especially you Oxford men. " O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in Thy providence, I return all possible thanks to Thee for the care Thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this Thy providence ; and one act yesterday, when I unexpectedly met with three old MSS., for which, in a particular manner, I return my thanks, beseeching Thee to continue the

same protection to me, a poor helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ, his sake."

At the University of Oxford, as is well known, nothing is taught but theology and antiquities. Of theology only a part, and of antiquities only the languages of Greece and Rome, with so much Greek and Roman history as illustrates the authors studied. Whatever knowledge is required of mathematics is less than every school-boy carries home with him, who has been reasonably taught. Whatever lectures are delivered upon sciences are few in number, and are the rags confided almost literally to dead walls. The disciple of Oxford, who has taken the highest honours of the university, unless he should get himself corrupted with knowledge, from some other source, might be the warden of your House of Ignorance, and keep you all in safety. He is useless upon earth, would be mere ballast in a balloon, and one too many in a diving-bell. He becomes, according to his opportunities, perhaps, a legislator, and his training has unfitted him for grappling with great public questions. He applauds his brother who quotes Virgil in a speech, and can say, "Hear, hear," like a gentleman. Or he becomes a scholar, reads much Greek and Latin, and abstains from operating on his fellow creatures, as a surgeon conscious of his inability to use the knife. Or he becomes a—; well, I don't know anything else that he is fit to be. He becomes a clergyman, for which office his training has not

been the best. Or he becomes a school-master, and teaches others to nurse one idea. Or, having wealth sufficient, he subsides into a country gentleman, for which he is extremely fit. Thanks to free vigorous association of young men with one another, the mass of youthful generosity and frolic there fermenting in one common heap, makes of a great University an educating place quite independent of its tutors.

CIVETTA. Good wine, though not without some lees, comes of that fermentation. So, when the Alma Mater sets herself up as a wise instructress, or a leader in the cause of education, I snap my fingers at her impudence. Ignorance at the universities is quite as dense as it is here. But when I see a man who has been educated at one of our great universities, perhaps has a fellowship, and who knows nothing more than he has learned at college, I, an Ignoramus, hold my hand to him, and say, "Hail, Fellow! well met." He is a man whom it is pleasant to take wine with. I like to meet him at a dinner table, when he does not feel it necessary to look-wise—that is to say, after the departure of the ladies; for, within the sphere of their radiance, I often find that an intolerable odour from his neckcloth makes him disagreeable. He emits this only to propitiate the female sex.

UHU. The reformers go to a great university, point out her rags, and say, Why don't you mend?

AZIOLA. The university replies, This is an old

dress which has descended to me ; it was very handsome when new, and it would be cruel to my grandmother to mend it, or to wear another.

UHU. Those fellows go to the colleges and say, Why don't you revise your statutes ?

AZIOLA. The colleges fold their hands, turn up their eyes, and reply, We owe a pious duty to our founders. Why do you take so much pains with a mere parsley bed ? they ask some college ; and it answers meekly, Gentlemen, my founder left it me in charge. Why then did you not take care also of your founder's cow ? Who has cut down his orchard ? Gentlemen, the cow was obviously sick ; the apple-trees were old. Then, why not root up also this rank parsley ?

What do I mean by the cow ? You shall see presently. Uhu pulls out his notes, and means to be historical.

UHU. Why flinch ? I will be brief as Tacitus, yet gossip like Herodotus—like Thucydides, I will—

CIVETTA. Yes, yes, like a good fellow—go on.

UHU. Rouse, the antiquary, says, that Oxford University was founded in the year of the world, 2855, by a Brute ; but Brute, or Brutus, not having existed, this story concerning him is to be received with caution. In the reign of King Alfred, “ whose memory to every judicious taste shall be always sweeter than honey,” Oxford was a place of study and of theological dissension. “ St. Grymbald, an eloquent and most excellent interpreter of the Holy Scriptures,”

appears to have been the Dr. Pusey of his day; and, after three years of "sharp contention," King Alfred was invited to decide the knotty points. "Pooh! pooh!" said Alfred; "kiss and be friends." Thereat Grymbald was exceeding wroth, and went away to Winchester.

Before any colleges were founded, there was the university, and there were halls and houses—wooden buildings, thatched with straw. There were students lodged about the town; there was the town with narrow streets intolerably filthy, and a frequent pestilence; there was political commotion out of doors, and often a besieging army round the walls. The learning was of that narrow kind which characterised what are called the middle ages. Colleges began to be founded in the thirteenth century, when, in addition to town and gown disputes, there was a violent feud within the university between those students who were born north of the river Trent, and those born to the south of it. In the reign of Edward II, the university waged war against the preaching friars, besides other quarrelling; in the reign of Edward III, the university was full of bitter controversies upon religious doctrine. For many years, violent dissensions continued between the northern and southern men. In 1354, on St. Scholastica's day—

SCREECH. Who is Scholastica—the saint of school-masters?

CIVETTA. No; she's a lady whom it is impossible to

pass without telling a story. You know Saint Benedict of course? how, being a very good boy, he ran away from school, because he wanted to be a hermit; how he gave his nurse the slip, and did indeed become a very holy man, and head of an important monastery. Scholastica was sister to St. Benedict, who followed his good ways, and came to live in the desert near him, head of a nunnery. One afternoon, St. Benedict called on his sister, St. Scholastica, and after chatting, when he arose to go, was pressed to stop and take tea. "No, indeed, I cannot, sister; I promised to be home at six, and I've an appointment." "Do, dear Ben., stop; give me the pleasure of your company only for an hour or two." But Benedict was in a hurry to be off. His sister, therefore, folding her hands, looked up to Heaven, and prayed that her brother might be compelled to stop to tea. Immediately there arose a great storm, and sheets of rain descended. How could the saint go home without an umbrella? So Benedict submitted to his fate, and pocketed his gloves, poor fellow.

UHU. On St. Scholastica's day, in 1354, there began to descend blows like rain upon the heads of town and gown, in a great battle which lasted three days. To this date, I believe the Mayor of Oxford and some score or two of citizens hear the Litany at St. Mary's Church, and pay a penny each upon the fatal anniversary. In the reign of Richard II, there were ferocious conflicts between north and south men.

ULULA. My dear sir, you are giving us a history like Alison's—all fight—for which we did not bargain.

CIVETTA. So you may try to extricate another thread. By-the-bye, perhaps you know the old couplet?

*"Chronica si penses, cum pugnant Oxonienses,
Post paucos menses, volat ira per Angligenenses."*

Do you observe how thoroughly that is verified now in our own day, anent the Prayer Book controversy and the Pope.

UHU. Well, sir, our knot must be unravelled; what thread next shall tempt our fingers to a pick. Let us take up the college plea of duty to the founders. There is reason in it. The Fellows of a college swear to keep the statutes of the founder inviolate, in their plain grammatical meaning. So of course they do. There is All Souls', for example, telling in its very name why it was founded. In this Collegium Omnium Animarum Fidelium Defunctorum, the fellows oblige themselves by oath to offer up prayers for the souls of King Henry VI. and Archbishop Chichele, for the souls of all subjects who had fallen in our famous war with France, and for the souls of all the faithful. It is well known that our noblemen-fellows of All Souls' are perpetually assisting at masses for this purpose in dutiful performance of their vow. Richard Fox, founder of Corpus Christi, only fell so far short of founding a monastic institution as to save his college from becoming involved in the monastic ruins. Some of the

colleges were founded for the express purpose of promoting popery, and had their statutes framed accordingly.

ULULA. Perhaps it is in obedience to these statutes that many of our Oxford men have conscientiously embraced the faith of Rome.

UHU. All Souls' was founded for poor scholars.

CIVETTA. Which of course the noblemen who hold its fellowships, all are, although not in the sense intended by the founder.

UHU. They have all passed an examination in psalmody before they were elected. Magdalene, founded for the poor, has a revenue of 30,000*l.* a-year ; of course that is all spent in the encouragement of low-born genius. Fellowship never goes by favour to the rich, not even being earned by them, it is the heritage of poor men who devote themselves to intellectual toil. It is well known, also, that the fellows keep up their knowledge by daily scholastic exercises, to which they have pledged themselves, and pass examinations to attest their increase of proficiency. It would be ridiculous to suppose that, after becoming Bachelor of Arts through a weak school-boy's pass examination ; the high titles of Master of Arts, Bachelor of Divinity, or Doctor, are not the reward of higher toil, obtained by the endurance of severer tests. It would be an insult to the university to think that she can say to her young fellows, wait a little while and pay me certain monies ;

for my letters M.A., B.D., D.D., D.C.L., &c., can be all produced out of your L. S. D.

AZIOLA. Well, Sir, just then we were upon the traces of the cow ; we shall soon get into the orchard without fruit-trees.

UHU. The founders took a lad and made him scholar or fellow of a college, by giving him a subsistence in return for an obligation on his part, diligently to spend his life in a prescribed course of studies, prayers and masses, showing his proficiency by gradual ascent in his examinations ; by graduating, as they call it now. The allowance for a scholar at Merton College, in 1274, was 50*s.* per annum ; in 1535, it averaged 4*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The fellowship then was a subsistence earned by monastic devotion to a life of study.

CIVETTA. What is it now,—at Oxford ? It is more than a subsistence in the present day, and the more able therefore to minister to a student's wants. Is it a mighty incentive to literary toil, a prize of knowledge ? . . . Pardon, I meant to slap you on the back triumphantly ; I did not mean to knock you off your seat. It is an inducement to be ignorant. It is one of a large family of institutions which are Britannia's own gingerbread ; she keeps abundance in her cupboard, and I half suspect her shield is made of it : it is one, sir, of the British sinecures.

UHU. In more than half the colleges it is obtained by a young man before he is nineteen ; or he obtains,

if not a fellowship a scholarship, which leads immediately into it, as Portman-street leads into Portman-square. Before he becomes able to work like a man, all stimulus to work is over. Or in some colleges he must be chosen from the natives of a certain district, or the descendants of a certain family. At All Souls' the fellowships are open ; but, because the founder meant them for poor scholars, it is thought more fit, as Civetta has suggested, to confine them to the aristocracy. Oriel and Balliol are the only colleges with really open fellowships ; and the fellows of Oriel accordingly stand higher than the fellows of All Souls' in intellectual, if not in verbal, rank.

AZIOLA. Here is a loss of fruit-trees ; all the more apparent when you remember that the teaching by professors is but nominal ; and that the education, as it is called, of youth at Oxford, is in the hand of tutors who must be selected from so many of these fellows, in each college, as may think it worth while to reside, —some eight or ten, upon an average.

I say nothing, my dear sir, of the expense of what Oxonians call an education, as a contrast to the large funds held by colleges, that they may educate gratuitously. There I have nobody to quarrel with.

CIVETTA. Well, I believe that nobody desires to change the social class of students ; we may safely, therefore, speak as our hearts dictate, and suggest that so much supervision and economy might be allowed, as would protect from ruin any humble clergyman who trusted

Alma Mater with the training of his son. Bankrupt boys and crippled fathers we may pity without putting Ignorance in danger. "'Tis folly to be wise," but it is worse than folly to be cruel.

ULULA. About Cambridge I feel more uneasy. That university has yielded too readily. I do not like its extended examinations. King's College, Cambridge, only last May-day, abandoned of its own accord a right to constitute its men B.A. without examination. Then, too, its fellowships have been more fairly the rewards of merit; and its great idea, mathematics, does unfortunately train men to advance the pride of knowledge in the present day. The expert mathematician goes into the world prepared to follow any rash adventurer into the unknown lands of science. He has the key to unlock many things which man is only too desirous to be fingering. Adams was not an Oxford man. I don't like this. I am piqued at Cambridge, and I will not suffer her to suckle one of mine.

CIVETTA. Oxford's the nurse for me. I scold her for pretending to be wise, I am ashamed of her because she is not candid, I rebuke her, but she is my dear old nurse. Bless her soul, she didn't fail to send a petition to the Queen against the meddling of those rascally commissioners, from Heads of Houses.

AZIOLA. Happy houses, that have got so little in their Heads!

BUHO. I'll write a line to F. M. the Duke of

Wellington, and beg to be informed why he, as Chancellor, refused to present that petition, confound his impudence !

CIVETTA. One of the most original geniuses of the day is William Sewell, B.D. (of Oxford), his move in opposition to the Universities' Commission, is one of the most dexterous of his achievements. I call it his move, but he is supposed to have contributed to the manifesto—for it is a manifesto—only his name.

UHU. That is likely, for he was, at the time of its appearance, engaged upon a translation of Horace, no easy task to a man who is at the distance of B.D. from his undergraduateship, and this most likely occupied his whole attention. It is published now, an excellent impalement of the poet.

CIVETTA. Well, my dear sir, the notion of his manifesto is that no inquiry is necessary. Oxford is ready to establish branch colleges of her own all over the country.—“ Mrs. Oxford, if I may say so without rudeness, I don't like your pie.”—“ O, Mr. Bull, don't mention it ; shall I assist you to a little more ? ”

UHU. The two Universities have to bestow about two hundred thousand pounds in fellowships, more than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in Church preferment, which all goes to Fellows ; they have nearly forty thousand of revenue ; the rent of college rooms produces to them nearly thirty thousand ; thirty-three thousand pounds more goes to Fellows in the shape of college fees ; there are the salaries of

about forty heads of colleges and halls, and about ninety Professors. There is all the money paid by students to Fellows for private teaching.

BUHO. This money is the head and front of University offending. Those rascally burglars are excited to activity by this.

AZIOLA. They want to scrape it all out of the mud in which we keep it safely buried, to deprive our Mistress Ignorance of every penny, and pour it out before their Idol, Knowledge. They say, here you have the means of forming Educational establishments upon a grand scale, thoroughly complete.

ULULA. Yes, here we have the means, and Enemies of Ignorance shall never move them from our keeping. What excites you, Buho ?

BUHO. They are polking !

GLAUX. Free grammar-schools, by-the-bye, are in a glorious condition ; following their founders' views as little as some colleges. I have facts upon that subject in my Notes on Education of the Poor. Why, sir, there are no less than two thousand four hundred endowed grammar schools in this country, provided for the sons of artisans and other riff-raff ; all in magnificent condition. Two thousand of them do not educate four hundred of such scum. The press—as pertinacious as a parish fire-engine when nothing is the matter—squirted its black venom at one of these some time ago ; a grammar school which used to educate its eighty pupils and support three masters,

but was then supporting one head master, who sacrificed—for a handsome compensation—none but his own two sons to the manes of the founder.

SCREECH. My dear Buho, who is polking? You disturb me with your dumb show; besides, you attack my shins.

GLAUX. Another of these free schools, in the Fens, suffered from reform fever about a year ago, when a charge very properly was levied upon pupils. Some busybody proposed to make this charge extremely small, but was out-voted, for there rose in the town council a good friend of Ignorance, saying, “No! if you do that, we shall be inundated with scholars!”

CIVETTA. Never may dear old England see the day when school-houses shall fill, and the great inundation of scholars pour every morning through the streets of her fine towns, rushing and eddying through each open school-room door.

GLAUX. Sir, it was a great thing to dam out the poor from those endowed schools. The funds have grown enormously. All the ragged imps in London could be taught out of the funds of Christ’s Hospital alone. Grow, sir! the funds may well grow!

ULULA. They have a harp, piano, and cornet-à-piston!

GLAUX. Lawrence Sheriffe left the third part of a field of twenty-four acres in the parish of Holborn, to endow a grammar school at Rugby. It produced then 8*l.*; it is now covered with buildings, and its rental is

10,000*l.* a year. True it is, that although we have wrested Rugby also from the patrimony of the poor, that place has, in its own way, done us mischief. Men like your Arnolds and your Attilas arise sometimes to play the part of scourge. We could not be safe against the force of many more than the one Dr. Arnold. Never mind ; his shoes are buried with him. When you think of the foundations absolutely rotted,—rotten foundations, you observe the joke,—no, you observe nothing : gentlemen, you are positively tedious.

ULULA. I do not understand this.

SCREECH. There, now you hear them laughing ; they are tuning for a waltz.

ULULA. Will some one please into

The Ladies' Drawing Room.

Do you smoke, Buho ? Ah ! you should ; you'd find tobacco soothing. A cigar, Screech ? I must indulge myself, or I shall lose my temper. Mrs. U. might or might not have approved of this meeting ; but I had, at least, the civility to tell her what my plans were. I distinctly told her that we should not go up-stairs.

THE OWLET (*returning in a state of rapture*). I drank intoxication through the keyhole. They are frolicking and dancing ; and it is like a witches' sabbath. Gentlemen, I dote on a waltz.

AZIOLA. You may well be reminded of a witch's sabbath ; for you, of course, know that we are

indebted to the healthy imagination of the painters in the middle ages, who depicted such scenes, for the origin of waltzing. Their bold genius invented waltz figures to heighten the Devil's fun upon the Brocken ; and a bolder genius transferred their graces to the drawing-room, and made that dance to be polite for ladies, which was drawn for fiends to make them look uncomely.

BUHO. I enjoy a waltz.

CIVETTA. Certainly : and above all things it is for ball practice that ladies should be trained ; I do not say for balls alone, because their sphere of duty also should include shirt-buttons and pastry. There we stop, however. When the German emperor, Charles IV., married at Prague, the father of his bride brought to the festival a waggon-load of conjurors. Two, the most eminent of these, Zytho the Bohemian, and Gourin the Bavarian, were pitched against each other. Zytho then opening his mouth, it is said, from ear to ear, ate up his adversary till he came upon his shoes, and spat those out, because they were not clean. Now, we, like Zytho, can devour all the charms and graces of a woman till we come upon her understanding, and we spit that out. We do, I say, and represent the mouthpiece of a nation.

AZIOLA. Russet apples half concealed beneath leaves from the autumn sun that beats upon an orchard, apples in store, or in a cider press, or glorified

as penny pyramids upon the dry plain of a London stall, sink into insignificance before the fruit of a stage banquet at the opera. The rosiest plate-full of country apples would look out of place in company so brilliant. How brilliant is beauty at a ball! How insignificant a pippin is the untrained girl who scarcely knows another chandelier than the sun, who cannot even drop a handkerchief with grace, sings "Where the Bee sucks" if you ask her for a song——

BUHO. *Sucks*, indeed! vulgar!

AZIOLA. And could not sing an air from Nabucadonosor, no, sir, not if you bribed her with the promise of a husband for it. The ball-room is the proper exhibition-room for female elegance and worth. For the ball-room our wives ought to be trained, and thither we must go, and, if we are wise, do go, to seek them out. Hymen is delicate and lights his torch at the wax candles oftener than at the homely composite or the camphine.

SCREECH. Were any man to tell me that the brilliance of woman at a ball, delightful as it is, will not content us,—that the enjoyment she affords there, like the banquet furnished for your Brocken witches, will amuse the senses with a ghostly supper and still let the hunger gnaw; were any man, sir, to attempt, by such an argument, to hit me in the stomach, I would snatch up in defence a rollingpin. Our wives and daughters, are not only to be visions of delight, they are not only by

their songs and dances, and by piquant words and gestures to delight our ears and eyes, but they are by their pudding-crust to win the approbation, the devotion also of our bellies. When any of my nieces marry they shall each receive from me as bridal gift a little parcel of white satin shoes with shirt and brace-buttons in all their toes, and in the middle of the parcel, as its kernel, they shall find a rollingpin.

CIVETTA. Francesca Romana was a good sort of saint, devoted to her husband's comfort. Of course it did not matter how she spent her time, so long as she did not let his chops burn or his pudding become sodden. Being a saint, she spent a large part of the day in devotion, but rose from her knees instantly if the pot boiled, or baby cried, or if her husband called out for a button. Once she was called away eleven times before she could reach the end of one verse in the Bible, and, at last, on her return, she found that verse lighted up supernaturally. Her principle was that "a wife and a mother must quit her God at the altar and find him in her household affairs."

BUHO. Whether some of our well-trained wives would carry that principle to the extent of quitting their God at the looking-glass is doubtful.

SCREECH. Well, if not, we have the beauty as a recompense, and many a grace acquired by patient study. It is study bestowed to a good purpose. Look at the ladies who have made themselves remarkable by

other studies,—say, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Martineau. My young friend Captain Little dances with the foot of a master, wears miniature boots and trousers absolutely faultless, he has the breeding of a gentleman—and received last week in return for twenty-four postage stamps, a bottle of Crinilene from Miss Dean, who promises him whiskers in three weeks. Fancy the Captain waltzing with Miss Martineau, a lady who has been caricatured in a leading Magazine with a large cat upon her shoulder.

AZIOLA. Why, the silliest of men can laugh at her, for meddling with political economy, welfare of communities, and all such stuff. Her novels I have read, and one need only name Deerbrook; let any man of sense compare that work with a true standard woman, and he will know the measure of Miss M.'s deficiency in qualities which give true lustre to her sex. There are young women perversely educated, who have read the book repeatedly, possessed with the delusion that it softens all the hard lumps in their hearts, and tends to make them what they ought to be—poor girls!

BUHO. I know nothing about that; but I won't hear Miss Martineau abused. She has proved Mesmerism in the teeth of opposition. The case of her pet cow, that she brought forward last year—

AZIOLA. And this year her pet donkey——

BUHO. Eh! I have n't heard of that.

ULULA. A fact, sir ; she has been seen seated in mesmeric state upon a most enormous donkey, that eats Bibles up instead of thistles.

BUHO. Bless me ! Doesn't it choke itself ?

AZIOLA. O no ! mesmeric animals have enormous width of swallow.

BUHO. Sir ! Now, I tell you what, you don't believe in Mesmerism ? I do. But only fools discredit homœopathy. For width of swallow, I should say the allopaths are extraordinary !

ULULA. Buho, it is not wholly beside our purpose to branch out into this subject. Perhaps you can produce some facts.

BUHO. Myself, if you call me a fact. I wouldn't believe in this sort of thing if I didn't see with my own eyes, as it were ; for a man ought not to know or believe anything but what he sees. Now a plain statement decides the question. Sir, from a boy I always hated having my nails cut. It hurts me, it fidgets me. I couldn't cut 'em myself, and always swore at any one else who cut 'em for me.

ULULA. Well !

BUHO. Well, I was advised to try homœopathy. What 's the result ? Now, when I find it necessary, sir, I take the billionth of a thought of steel going to bed, and find my nails cut in the morning.

AZIOLA. Possibly your wife——

BUHO. Sir, my wife, or your wife, or the candle-stick's wife, is beside the purpose. Bless my soul,

sir ! I tell you a fact out of my own experience, and you insult me grossly if you question it.

ULULA. It is conclusive. Gentlemen, if you please we will return to our discussion of the ladies. We were talking of Miss Martineau and earnest women. Our clerical friend, Zumacaya, has, I see, a paper in his hand——

BUHO. If there is any cant that I despise, it is the hack word "earnest." Tell me that any body is an earnest person, tell me that she has the plague, it is all one, I keep my distance. I knew a young fellow who was famous for his dashing wit, a first-rate quiz, before he married, by some oversight, a girl just tinged, ever so little tinged, with earnestness. There was no enthusiasm in her, sir ; she never idolised a waistcoat or became enraptured at a joke, and after he was married his wit burned so dead, that he absolutely told me he had left off what he called sneering at his fellow men. "Fellow men," how soon he picked up his cant words, poor devil !

CIVETTA. No, my dear sir, the man is rash who takes to wife an earnest woman, unless, indeed, he have the virtue of St. Sebald, who, for want of wood, could keep his fire alive with icicles.

ZUMACAYA. Who are the men by whom we are antagonised ? Let Englishmen be on their guard against encroachments favoured by the Papist and the Unitarian. I appeal to the religious feeling of

the country ; and although, so doing, I produce those λόγους ἀκανθώδεις, thorny arguments, which it is by no means pleasant to lay hold of ; still, since they really are a furze bush to the British Lion's tail, they ought to be appended. I say, then, that, apart from our own sense of what is right, we can perceive the necessity of ignorance in women, when we find it argued down by Papists. What says Fenelon, an arch-deceiver, for was he not a Roman Catholic archbishop ? " It is ignorance," he says, " which renders women frivolous." He describes in a highly disrespectful manner female education, and then goes on rudely : " Idleness and weakness being thus united to ignorance, there arises from this union a pernicious taste for amusements. Girls brought up in this idle way have an ill-regulated imagination. Their curiosity, not being directed to substantial things, is turned towards vain and dangerous objects. They read books which nourish their vanity, and become passionately fond of romances, comedies, and fanciful adventures. Their minds become visionary ; they accustom themselves to the extravagant language of the heroines of romance."

SCREECH. Well, sir, and is everything to be mechanical,—are all minds to go clothed in frieze, with a foot-rule sticking obtrusively out of the mind's pocket ? May not the pretty nonsense of our fairy damsels, their delightful enthusiasm, their emphatic little billets, in which every *delicious, heavenly, or*

barbarous Nothing is ecstatically underlined, may they not still give innocent delight ?

ZUMACAYA. They may, sir, and they will: No Popery. While we are talking of this sort of people, it will be well to note how this benighted dignitary of the Romish Church, supports another false and specious cry raised by our enemies. Just hear Fenelon's notions about education, and you may well hold up your hands and mutter, he was born two hundred years ago : " The greatest defect of common education is, that we are in the habit of putting pleasure all on one side, and weariness on the other ; all weariness in study, all pleasure in idleness. Let us try to change this association ; let us render study agreeable ; let us present it under the aspect of liberty and pleasure ; let us sometimes permit study to be interrupted by little sallies of gaiety. These interruptions are necessary to relax the mind." Again, " An austere and imperious air must be avoided, except in cases of extreme necessity, for children are generally timid and bashful. Make them love you ; let them be free with you ; let them not hide their thoughts from you. Be indulgent to those who conceal nothing from you. It is true, that this treatment will enforce less the restraint of fear, but it will produce confidence. We must always commence with a conduct open, gay."

ULULA. What next, I wonder, after a gay school-master or schoolmistress ! Can we contrive a climax ?

ZUMACAYA. O yes, if we go among the Unitarians, we shall find folly quite as rife. This is how Channing talks, one of the lights of a sect certainly not Christian: "Honour man from the beginning to the end of his earthly course. Honour the child. Welcome into being the infant, with a feeling of its mysterious grandeur, with the feeling that an immortal existence has begun, that a spirit has been kindled which is never to be quenched. Honour the child. On this principle all good education rests. Never shall we learn to train up the child till we take it in our arms, as Jesus did, and feel distinctly that 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'" In that short sentence is taught the spirit of the true system of education; and for want of understanding it, little effectual aid, I fear, is yet——

BUHO. Fire and fury! I have cut myself paring my thumb-nail. You, Screech, why did you dare me to do it?

SCREECH. I will pull some nap out of your hat,—ah! you have court plaster, and your hat, I dare say, is of silk.

AZIOLA. I don't like hats, do you? nobody does. Is it not odd that we have persevered in wearing hats until beavers—which, to the mere naturalist, are peculiarly interesting—have almost become extinct—and this in deference to habit, every man against his own conviction. Well, sir, if custom be so

powerful in ordering the furniture outside our heads, in spite of us, it will prevail no less in maintaining those internal fittings to which men have been for centuries accustomed, and with which we are content.

SCREECH. Mr. Chairman, the young gentleman at the bottom of the table has intimated to me that his father's house is next door to a ladies' school, and that he has observations to communicate.

ULULA. Precisely what we want.

THE OWLET. The name of the school is——

ULULA. To be disguised in your notes, Mr. Secretary.

SCREECH. Certainly, sir ; I take great pains to avoid using other people's names.

THE OWLET. Moira House Seminary, kept by three sisters, the Misses Mimminipimmin. Miss Clotho, the elder, is a good disciplinarian, who teaches what are called the usual branches of an English education. Miss Atropos is somewhat good-tempered, and superintends the housekeeping department. Miss Lachesis, the youngest, differs from her sisters in not wearing a cap, and is the general instructor in things elegant. If you had been with me last night, when I peeped through the school-room window, which opens upon our yard, you would have seen the two remaining teachers. They were eating bread and butter, and drinking small beer, by the light of a dip candle ; for last night the Misses M. had company. Six ladies in a fly drank tea with them, I know ; and so

the teachers, of course, had their supply sent to them down-stairs. You would have been amused, had you been with me! One, a comely maiden, has a sweet-heart somewhere labouring to earn her for his wife, a fact at which Miss Lachesis especially is aggravated. And certainly that teacher, as Miss Lachesis has said to me, is quite unfit for her position. Her thoughts are evidently all abroad: she lets the children play, and has no nerve for discipline; indeed, as Miss Clotho says, she is too young. Last night, she was eating her bread and butter with a good-tempered face, while Mademoiselle Mignon—she is but a sickly little thing—was choking over the small beer. Mademoiselle is far away from home, and has no lover to hear her complaints. She did not know how much I overheard of them; but the French are so ridiculously sensitive.

The school, from what Miss Clotho says, I know to be exceedingly well-regulated. Of course nothing male, except “approved good masters,” can intrude upon the perfect femininity of that establishment, I strictly believe that they use female writing, female arithmetic——

ULULA. Which every husband knows to be beyond male comprehension——

THE OWLET. And female grammar—the existence of a masculine gender being denied, or suppressed, in every language. But I can only guess at these things. It is true, indeed, that I have some-

times endeavoured to peep through the window during school-time ; but the elevation of my head above the compo-horizon of the window-sill, has caused such instantaneous stir and titter among all the young ladies, as if indeed their eyes had all been most attentive to the window at the time of popping up my head, that I have been too glad to pop it down again before Miss Clotho saw me. I, too, feel some terror at Miss Clotho. After my last attempt at such a peep, while I was creeping off, I heard Miss Clotho's tongue busily punishing the English governess for suffering the children to make a commotion ; so I know that she can scold a full-grown person, and I do not wish to come under the stroke of her jaw-bone.

Peeping about a ladies school is very pleasant notwithstanding. Out of a garret window I can look down upon a corner of their garden, and when the girls, in play-time, are not walking in procession through the country, I can see them there. It is an extraordinary fact, that all these girls seem sometimes to go mad. Whether it has anything to do with the moon I do not know.

CIVETTA. It may be so. "Kirckringius knew a young gentlewoman" who was at new moon only skin and bone, and stirred not out of doors ; but as the moon grew she gathered flesh, until at the full of the moon she went abroad commanding of all men admiration for her plumpness and exceeding beauty.

THE OWLET. Young gentlewomen being thus sensitive to lunar influence, it may be to the moon that I must look for the reason why there should come every now and then a day when the young ladies, commonly so tranquil, scamper up and down the walks, shriek, jump, yea climb upon the walls, while the French governess and the English governess struggle in vain against the fever; and it seems as though all the Queen's riot acts and all the Queen's men could 'nt restore quiet to those girls again. Twice, however, I have seen an instantaneous calm follow the tempest, and have each time observed in a few minutes, that Miss Clotho came into the garden dressed as from walk. Commonly, however, all is tranquil.

CIVETTA. As it should be in an academic grove. With graceful gestures little hoops are being launched from sticks; or knots of girls with delicate complexions, shunning the spring sun, sit under the

"Laburnums, dropping wells of fire,"

from which they do not apprehend a scorching. Others in pairs pace up and down with meditative steps, and earnestly conversing look extremely confidential. Arms interlaced bespeak in these—

"The tender friendships made 'twixt heart and heart,
When the dear friends have nothing to impart."

Far from that;—I would scorn it, sir;—you are quite wrong; I am not sneering at this tenderness. Brisk or steady, young or old, and whether in a

state of natural simplicity, ignorant, or sophisticated, there is something in every woman at which no true man can laugh. In the sweet honied flow of youth, there is a charm, some part of which is not lost, although time and careless keeping should induce acetous fermentation, as they often do. In the most vinegary woman there is still a flavour of the warm sun on the fruit. The man who blames our friends upstairs as frivolous, acknowledges that any one of them has that within her which can make her stronger than a strong man in the spirit of endurance and self-sacrifice.

ULULA. And we who love the frivolous will own even of learned women, that if they be unfit for partners, they are very fit for friends.

CIVETTA. A bit of pure air sticks about a woman, let her go where she may, and be she who she may ; the girl most deeply sunk in misery and vice retains it, and can rise by it when opportunity shall come. A little creature lives far out at sea upon the gulf-weed,—Litiopa is its name,—often there comes a wave that sweeps it from its hold and forces it into the deep. It carries down with it an air-bubble, and glues to this a thread which, as the bubble rises to the surface, it extends. The little bit of air, before it breaks out of its film, floats on the water, and is soon attracted by the gulf-weed, towards which it runs and fastens alongside ; up comes the Litiopa by her thread then, and regains the seat for which she was created. A bit of pure air sticks like this about all women ;

from the Queen on her throne, down to the world-abandoned creature on the pavement.

BUHO. Prosy, sir !

SCREECH. Not at all. Suffer me to observe that in greasing your hair you have allowed a drop to fall upon that elegant blue satin waistcoat. Considered in one point of view, it may be filthy for men or women to make their heads look like a sop in the pan, but I am not so narrow-minded that I cannot see a case like this in all its bearings. With you I defile my head on principle, to support a branch of female manufacture. Were our heads in a cleaner condition, there would be no need for those fancy cloths which ladies throw over our chairs and couches to protect them from defilement by themselves and us, anti-hog's-larders or anti-macassars. Protection is required for our crochet-workers. The object at Moira House has been to educate young ladies in such elegant accomplishments as shall not hurt their brains. Our object is to put down learned women. Setting aside all other obvious objections, it is enough to say that we cannot afford to have our women's brains well filled. If they begin to stick pins into us at our own fireside, in the shape of all manner of familiar allusions to Godegisale, to Verazzani, or the Chickahominies, what will become of us, what shall we do ? we can no longer presume upon wise hums and hahs. Well-informed silence may be practised out of doors, but at the family dinner we should be dragged daily at the

tail of a wife's conversational chariot ; for what a woman knows, and something more, she will inevitably talk about.

CIVETTA. In such an event, there would be no alternative left for us but to imitate the practice of the weak forts on the coast of Barbary, which, when a ship is entering their harbour, send on board a request that she will be so good as to abstain from firing, because if the fortress be compelled to return any salute, it will be forced to do so at the risk of knocking its own walls to pieces.

SCREECH. The object of instructing ladies in crochet, knitting, working upon cloth and velvet, is to enable them to occupy their vacant moments in a harmless manner. Hour after hour, the fingers twist mechanically upon wool, when they might be dangerously occupied with pen or pencil, and the eyes bent upon Mrs. Warren's pictures of slippers and polka jackets, are prevented from discovering how many hours might be employed in musty book-work. The cover of a music-stool (result of a month's leisure) may be worth half-a-crown more than the materials employed in it ; but the gain of the working lady has not been the mere half-crown ; she has gained emancipation from all tedious occupation ; she has protected that innocence, that sweet simplicity of brain, which makes the charm of female conversation, and causes us so frequently to feel, however little we may know that we unbend when talking to a woman.

ULULA. Other accomplishments there are which lead a few fair students, now and then, beyond our bounds ; but that is not their object, nor is it usually their result. Drawing, for example, is not taught, I hope, and, judging from results, I think, with a desire to awaken, through the eye, the intellect to spiritual thoughts, though some misguided women make exceptions of themselves. Ladies learn drawing, as they learn crochet, to give mechanical employment to their fingers, which shall not engage their brains. If they sketch from nature, it is very well ; for gentlemen can hold their pencils while they receive, without awkwardness, the flattery for which, of course, all women were created. Naked truth is to be looked at only by the coarser sex. It is not intended that the eye shall perceive more than the lines and colours to be imitated ; and the landscape is worked upon paper with different tools, indeed, but with the same feeling as if it were a watchpocket, or kettle-holder. Paintings from nature, however, are in less request than large chalk heads and little album drawings, famous for the careful delicacy of the finger-work, and the complete absence of thought. Dear femininities ! of which the dearest are those gorgeous little birds perched upon pencil marks, whose only habitat appears to be the album, and which are hatched out of no eggs but those which Mr. Newman sells in nests of rosewood or mahogany.

SCREECH. Then music is most wisely taught on the

same principle. Music, as an intellectual pursuit, would be a bore in woman. A wife who strums *Lieder ohne Worte*, and looks down upon your taste for the Drum Polka, will not do for you, my dear sir, at any price. Thanks to a judicious plan of education, such an affliction rarely falls to a man's share. The use of music, as of drawing, is that it occupies only the fingers. It is better than drawing, because it is an art exercised in full dress ; a gentleman turns over the leaves instead of holding the pencils, so far they are much the same ; but the voice is audible in all parts of the room, and can be admired by more people at the same time, than a drawing which can be seen only by two or three together. The words of songs, being moreover for the most part asseverations of great tenderness of heart, and capability of reciprocating an attachment, are convenient for the purpose of advertising to all gentlemen, in a sufficiently loud key, *An eligible Heart to Let* ; while the post of observation occupied upon the music-stool invites all people to inspect the premises. Many a heart, in fact, has been engaged upon the faith of such advertisements, and many happy marriages have followed upon such engagements.

AZIOLA. Such triumphs, and the time got rid of in the finger-work of practising, are the great objects of music, as it is taught by the *Mimminipimmins*. That any of the young ladies sent out of their school care whether they hear *Fidelio* or *Lucia di*

Lammermoor, when they go to the opera, is doubtful ; if they have a choice, I think they prefer Lucia, which is presented to them at the Haymarket, year after year, while Fidelio has only just been raked out of a dusty corner in the operatic lumber-room. Donizetti certainly is quite the ladies' man.

CIVETTA. Languages, too, are taught at Moira House, but as accomplishments, of course. Considered as acquirements, they are used by bookish, dusty men to widen the range of their reading in poetry, history, science, or whatsoever their hobby may be. But ladies are lost if they ride hobbies, and they have none, if a few ideas about the moon in a drawer up-stairs, and some enthusiasm about Byron, be not sufficient to convict them of a taste for poetry. Languages to them, therefore, are not acquirements, but accomplishments. They are Italian and French. Italian is used as subsidiary to piano performance ; it is the language of Donizetti, and it is the medium through which other nations ought to speak. It is the language in which Beethoven's Adelaide ought to be sung. And I dare say, "O mein lieber Augustin," it is the language in which you may figure as Mio caro Agosti-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-no.* Italian is also important as the language, not of

* For the other i's and hyphens we want space. Would they be acceptable in a companion volume ? Of such a publication, since no writer would expect anything for its composition, a very thick lump could be sold for a few shillings. Singers are ap-

Dante or Ariosto, but of the opera libretti. French is to ladies almost more important than Italian, as it is the language of their common life. I do not mean that they speak French entirely ; they have not been taught to do that, and it is not fit that they should. Nor, indeed, can their brains work it off in fragments through the medium of ordinary conversation ; in the hurry of speaking they remember very tiny bits of it, if we compare their spoken with their written language.

CIVETTA. The written language of the women of England is a great subject and will be treated in full by future antiquaries in America when writing about ancient England. It is the finishing touch of delicate flattery that we not only are allowed the relaxation of considering ourselves clever when we talk to ladies ; but the dear creatures tumble helplessly before us in their letters ; and confess themselves unable even to express their thoughts in any single tongue. Buho, my dear fellow, we are friends ; I never get three-cornered notes, but you do ; show me one. Ah, there 's a good fellow ! I will not betray your confidence ; you have one about you I can see. No, I will not betray your confidence. Do, please ; the little pink one that just peeps out of your splendid

plauded, and paid also, when they issue flourishes in a considerable volume ; but the Printer, doubtful whether the same favour would extend to him, desires the guarantee of a subscription list Parties desirous of purchasing a thick book devoted exclusively to flourish, are requested, therefore, to apply personally or by letter to the Devil, at the Printer's office.

waistcoat pocket ; I know you are engaged to Miss G., and ought not to show her notes, but I dare say that one has nothing in it. Thank you, the argument, I thought, would be convincing. What a strong perfume musk is ! you might use the lady's notes to scent your clothes drawer. Never thought of that ? yes, to be sure ; of course it's a good idea. Ah, now, how prettily this lisps along !

" Mon cher, Je fus *vexed* que je was not at home ce soir. Callez demain, mon petit, *at the same heure*, and I shall be heureuse. Addio. *Votre*. Marguerite Green."

ULULA. Why, that was last night. Did you see her, and did she tell you nothing about coming hither ? It is very odd ; she is sure to be up-stairs.

BUHO. I propose that this meeting do adjourn.

ULULA. But, gentlemen, I told my wife, distinctly, that we should remain here in the dining-room, because we had important business to discuss. Shall we permit our characters to be stained with inconsistency ? Moreover, I notice that they have not been dancing for some time. All is quite still.

BUHO. I propose that this meeting do adjourn.

SCREECH. Impatient Buho ! Well, you show your sense at any rate in seeking a young wife, why should you not ? Besides Miss Green acknowledges to thirty-one, and you are, I imagine, fifty-five ; so there is only a difference of ten years at the utmost ; for it is another sweet acknowledgment of female

ignorance, that ladies, like the savages, cannot count higher than twenty, and so, after twenty two or three, become confused about their ages. Dear creatures ! how much more to our purpose all this is, than that a girl should be kept at home and trained to know all about Titian, to tease us with classic music, to dance with gaiety as if it were a frolic, talk about Spenser, Calderon, Tasso, Schiller, Molière, as if they were her common gossiping acquaintance, and look cross at our soft nothings meant to flatter her ! How much better this is, than that girls and boys, till puberty, should study side by side, and after puberty the girls continue studying for years more, under what the cant of the day calls the guidance of an earnest man at home !

AZIOLA. No doubt the Education-mongers think that it will matter little whether man or woman be the teacher, when there shall be what he would recognise as a supply of women competent to teach. Women there are about the country, and not few, who have been shameless enough to forget their sex, and transgress customary rules. There are women who have gained for themselves an infamous notoriety as successful naturalists, students of fine art, or—to use another hack term—sterling writers ; and there are in private life a great many strong-minded women, who claim what they call a just position in society.

CIVETTA. There are many, sir, of these no doubt ; but do not fear ; measured beside our population,

they are few. For centuries they will be few, for our opponents cannot get at them wholesale. Dull books they very properly refuse to read, and your human progress publications are insufferably dull. Spoken to they cannot be, for any language except flattery would be insulting to a lady's ear. They might indeed be hooted out of some few habits by small boys, according to the device employed, Monstrelet tells us, by a friar, who paid little ragamuffins with pennies and pardons for running after any lady in a steeple head-dress. The friar had spent his eloquence in vain against the strength of fashion, but the boys soon achieved their triumph, and the ladies brought their steeples to the church, where the priest made a bonfire of them. But, except upon a few external matters, in our case the small-boy-cautery is quite impossible. Arm in arm with the ladies we can look our rivals boldly in the face. Beauty's faith is plighted to us, and she will be true.

ULULA. Buho, you are impatient for that arm in arm. For my own part, I disapprove of this abandonment of principle. Here is a deep trick of my wife's to tantalise us, when she knows that I distinctly said we should not go up-stairs.

BUHO. I propose that this meeting do adjourn.

THE OWLET. I second.

SCREECH. There can be no doubt, Mr. Chairman, that when you put this motion it will be unanimously carried. Nevertheless, my opinion is, that on appear-

ing in the drawing-room we shall look very foolish. We have heard many arrivals, and a whole autumn of rustling——

CIVETTA. And the present stillness is portentous. We might be in the centre of a hurricane. Ulula, what do you say?

ULULA. Since Buho presses his motion, and the public feeling is in favour of its being carried, I can only acquiesce. I would propose, however, that we be not too precipitate. Let us adjourn in the first place softly to the first-floor landing, where, perhaps, our young friend will again peep, and ascertain the reason of this stillness.

CIVETTA. Very good, sir ; and that having been ascertained, we constitute you Patamankowè.

ULULA. What in the world is that ?

CIVETTA. The Patamankowè is a chief of Boni in Celebes, whose actions all beholders are obliged to imitate. When he sits they sit, and when he stands they stand, if he wipe his nose they wipe their noses. If he hunt and get a fall, all who ride hunting with him fall when he does ; when he bathes the whole court bathes, and any passer-by, who sees him bathing, must immediately plunge, clothes and all, into the water. When we see you plunge into the drawing-room, we are prepared to follow, sir. We regulate ourselves by you.

ULULA. Well, follow softly, then. They seem to have no gentlemen, and they have been dancing only

by fits. * * * Listen ! It is all perfectly still, yet certainly they are not gone.

THE OWLET. Here is certainly some mystery. Hush ; don't cough ; I can see nothing through the keyhole.

ULULA. Surely they are gone, yet how they went without our hearing them I cannot comprehend ! Hush ! Let me open the door quietly and peep. I cannot hear a sound. Hush !

Draw my head back in a hurry ? I should think so. 'Tis as dangerous as peeping in upon Miss Clotho's schoolroom. Well, I think I was not seen. What this assembly means I cannot in the remotest way imagine. There is a large party of ladies all at one end of the room, sitting on chairs and ottomans and at each other's feet, working on slippers, socks, watchpockets, and so forth ; my wife sits on a high chair among them like a president, at work on an enormous patchwork counterpane. Three musicians in a corner by themselves are the only men, and I suppose they are there that the ladies may dance now and then when they get tired. They are evidently bent upon some conspiracy, which is to be carried out by means of knitting-pins and needles. We had better go down stairs again. That is my wife's step. She saw me and thought I beckoned, no doubt. Hide in the back-room for one minute. She thinks I have something to tell her. Farther off ! she is at the door.

* * * *

You may come forward, my dear friends, we are forgiven,—thanked. This is a first meeting of the Dove Association; Margaret is there, and the ladies will permit you to be present, although gentlemen have been excluded by the rules. The good creatures thought they could have also their committee, and desiring universal peace, have formed a Peace Association, called the Doves. These ladies will meet at stated times to work for the great cause. With the produce of their toil it is their plan to furnish a bazaar; and whether they succeed or not, will you not kiss the little satin slippered feet, that wish to stamp the cannons into powder?

The Select Committee for the Defence of Ignorance co-operated during the remainder of the evening with the Dove Association, under the presidency of the three musicians. The Secretary, however, begs to state, that when called upon to produce a report, it was thought better, by the Dove Association, that the piece should not be loaded with a ball. The ladies, also, have forbidden him to state at what hour the proceedings terminated. They gain no end by this, for any one can draw his own conclusion.

THE END.

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